

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS • OF • THE • DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

SOURCES OF BRYAN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was a Democratic nominee for the Presidency before Roosevelt, Wilson, La Follette or Harding entered national politics, yet he outlived them all, remaining to the day of his death a factor to be reckoned in all political calculations. Bryan's name, observes a newspaper writer, "was spoken more often by more people probably than that of any other man of his generation." "To have persisted through all the vicissitudes of these thirty years to this summer of 1925 is little short of phenomenal," remarks another. In all the list of names around which history is woven, there is none to parallel or duplicate his "amazing, contradictory career," declares the *Lincoln Star* in the city where Bryan so long resided. Tho Bryan's official life was brief, "and he was forced to fight the battles he made historic merely as a private citizen," yet, an Oklahoma paper tells us, "children lisped his name in the marketplace, and when his weary soul went up to God the most obscure of his countrymen knew who it was that had passed beyond." "He made a great place for himself and held it to the end," is the way the *Nashville Banner* puts it, and the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* quotes with approval the remark that Mr. Bryan as a private citizen "wielded greater influence over American life, American thought, and American politics than twenty-five of the twenty-nine Presidents who got the job he so strenuously tried to get."

All admit that Bryan held a place of major magnitude in our political life for thirty years, "but none can give the reason why," reflects one editor. It seems to the *Birmingham Age-Herald* that none can deny to Bryan "the gift of leadership outstanding above all others of his time." But wherein lay the secret of his leadership? This is the question scores of newspaper writers tried to answer during the days immediately following the passing of the Peerless Leader. And a second question is concerned with why he failed to attain a higher place in his country's annals.

The first secret of Bryan's success, to judge by the frequency with which it is mentioned on the editorial pages, was the popular belief in his sincerity. And the tributes paid to him after his

death almost unanimously emphasize this quality, irrespective of the writers' attitude toward other aspects of his career. Then, too, on the very day of Mr. Bryan's death the *Wichita Beacon* asserted that Bryan continued to hold the popular imagination "because he has courage—granted that he may be something of a grandstander, and a man who runs out to meet the lime-light half-way, his courage nevertheless remains a conspicuous and self-selling attribute." The *Raleigh News and Observer* recalls the words of Woodrow Wilson: "When others were faint-hearted,

Colonel Bryan carried the Democratic standard." The true secret of his durability as a public character, says the *New York Sun*, "was that he never recognized the features of defeat." Yet his greatest asset, continues the *New York* paper, was his oratorical ability:

"Call it magnetism, personality, dramatic skill or whatever one will, there can be no denying that in this gift of moving audiences he stood without a peer when he was in his heyday.

"Nature fitted him well for such accomplishments. Physically he was strong, energetic, tireless. His great chest, leonine jaw and splendid vocal cords made of his voice an organ upon which he played with rare artistic ability. A flashing eye and sure histrionic instinct, plus infinite capacity for earnestness, rounded out his equipment.

"As for his literary accouterments, familiarity with the language of the Bible was far and away his most useful asset. He had an amazing knack of building up a rhetorical period and capping it with a paraphrase of a familiar passage of Scripture, which meant more to the average hearer than any amount of logical discussion could mean."



By courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune

TWO HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH

A photograph of Mr. Bryan taken near Dayton on the afternoon of July 26.

A Bryan supporter, the *Oklahoma City Oklahoman*, declares "he was preeminently the greatest campaigner America has ever known, and brought to the political hustings a force and fire that eclipsed the flights of Henry Clay; and behind a golden eloquence that would have glorified the giants of Greece was a life as stainless as an angel's dream." "His oratorical power gave him amazing self-confidence," writes Clinton W. Gilbert in the *New York Evening Post*. We read in the *Houston Post-Dispatch* that in his party Bryan "was feared by scores of subordinate leaders who trailed in his footsteps rather than risk the displeasure of the large personal following he commanded by reason of his eloquence."

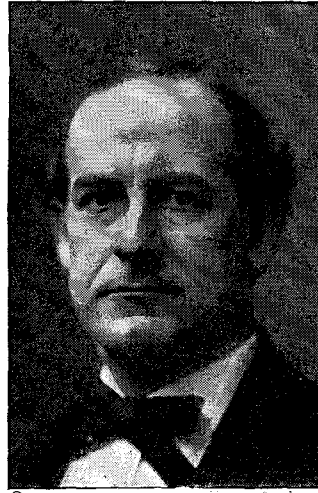


THE COLLEGE STUDENT



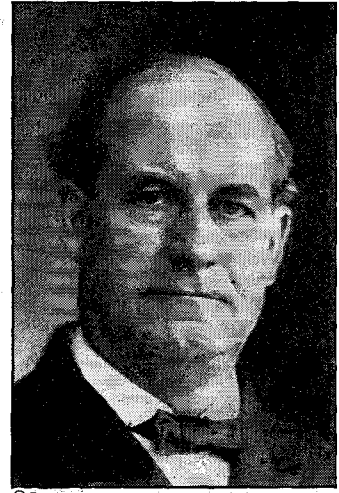
Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

THE PEERLESS LEADER OF '96



© Barron Fredericks, N. Y.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN—1900



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THE CANDIDATE OF 1903

THE EARLIER YEARS

But Bryan was more than a silver-tongued orator, scores of journals insist. Even so unenthusiastic an observer as the *Boston News Bureau* picks out as Bryan's most striking attribute the fact that "he was a crusader, an evangelist, and, given the crusading spirit, and his eloquence and magnetism and his patent passionate sincerity and devotion, with a genius for publicity—he could no more be ignored than an elemental force of nature." Crusader, evangelist, idealist, "pleader for causes," champion, visionary, prophet, seer—these are common characterizations. Always, remarks the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, "he was the captain of the army of the Lord charging at the head of Michael's cavalry." His, says the *Los Angeles Times*, was the "zeal, the enthusiasm, the fanaticism of Elijah the Tishbite, of the poet Isaiah, of the Apostle Paul, of the reformer Martin Luther." And here most fittingly may come the tribute of the *Omaha World-Herald*, of which Mr. Bryan was editor between 1894 and 1896, and which was afterward for many years one of his strong political supporters:

"The pastel colors of life, its shadows, its indecisions and doubts and uncertainties, were neither of him nor for him; they disturbed him not. What he believed he knew. There was in life for him truth and error. They were easily distinguishable. There was no twilight zone in between. Where he stood was truth's side and with all his power he battled for the Lord.

"Other men fought between whiles. Bryan fought all the while. Others rested on their arms when the day was done. Bryan hewed on through the night. Others might pause to refresh body and soul. Bryan knew no need of it. Others might seek long for knowledge and wisdom wherewith to strengthen their arm for the fray. Bryan's came to him as if by inspiration, miraculously.

"To such a man life is sunlight. There is no night. There can come no failure, no defeat. Over every reversal, across every disaster, he battles straight on to glory. The scorn and jeers from the tents of error fall blunted at his feet. The weakest link in his armor is impregnable as the strongest. To the last minute of the day when God calls him home he is the happy warrior."

Bryan, as many a paper recalls, was not only the crusader but the "Commoner." As the *New York Times* puts it, "he gave voice to the likings and the repulsions of ordinary folk." He was, in the words of the *Chicago Evening Post*, "a man of the people, understanding them instinctively, thinking as they thought, and feeling as they felt." This source of his strength is acknowledged by papers in all sections of the country. To quote the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*: "Bryan encouraged the common man to look up from the fire in the forge and the hot furrow in the field and cast about him for a better order." According to his friend, the editor of the *Chattanooga News*, "Mr. Bryan believed the average man should have a chance for life and liberty and the

pursuit of happiness." It was because of his championship of the masses, says the *Charleston Gazette*, that "one of the few pictures in Tolstoy's work-room was that of Bryan." Bryan, says Mark Sullivan in the *New York Herald Tribune*, always had "a sympathetic instinct for the under dog in all sorts of economic issues, and for the idealistic side of the moral issues. In these, people trusted him." "And democracy was not an affectation of Mr. Bryan," the *Kansas City Star* readily grants; "he was truly imbued with the desire to advance the common standard in particular." Mr. Bryan, avers the *Chicago Tribune*, "was the eloquent expression of what people through the Mid-West and parts of the South thought in the smaller towns and in the countryside." And therefore, comments the *Manchester Union*, his hold on these people "was great and unshakable."

In Bryan's long career, asserts the *Asheville Times*, "he did much to popularize government and to secure for the people a larger measure of authority in their own Government." Asks the *Cincinnati Inquirer*: "Who shall say that, in striking terror to the heart of the American reactionary, Mr. Bryan did not contribute greatly to progress and to a larger and fuller life for mankind?"

"Himself he could not elect to the Presidency," but, so the *Greenville Piedmont* thinks, "the historians of the future in all likelihood will conclude that his most splendid service to his country and to the world was his contribution toward making Woodrow Wilson President." And the *North Carolina paper* goes on to retell the dramatic story of how Bryan swung the Democratic Convention in Baltimore in 1912 from Champ Clark to Woodrow Wilson. In an editorial which fills nearly a page of his *Raleigh News and Observer*, Bryan's old friend, Josephus Daniels, points out that Bryan lived to see four Constitutional Amendments ratified to which he had greatly contributed, namely: those legalizing the income tax, popular election of Senators, Prohibition and woman's suffrage. "More than any other one man, he placed the Eighteenth Amendment in the Federal Constitution, and," says the *New York American*, "if he could to-day be asked to select his epitaph, he probably would request that that achievement be carved upon his tomb." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks that the Bryan arbitration treaties were an important step in the history of "the striving of the nations for peace."

With such elements of greatness and of popular appeal, why, it may be asked, did Bryan fail to reach the goal of the White House to which so many lesser men have attained? According to the *Philadelphia Record* (Dem.), the tragedy of Mr. Bryan's career was "that his mental deficiencies and apparent lack of balance more than counterbalanced his many good points."

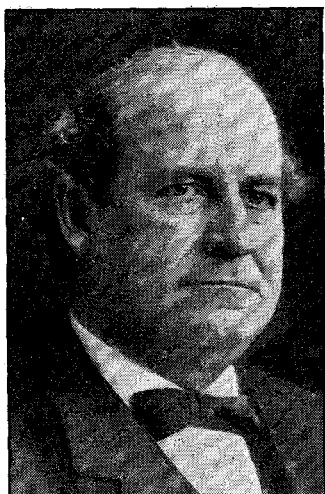


Photo by Walinger Chicago

SECRETARY OF STATE—1913



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THE BRYAN OF 1923

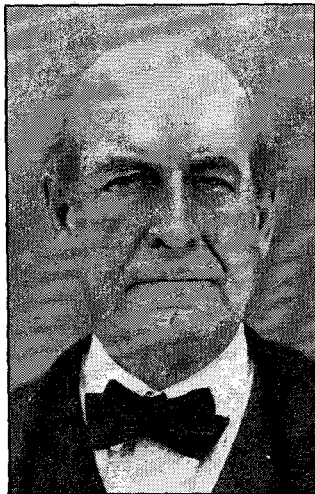


Photo by P. & A

AFTER THE 1924 CONVENTION

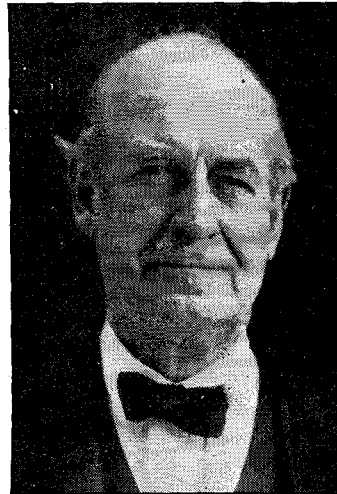


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

FOE OF EVOLUTION—1925

THE LATER YEARS

A New York weekly, *The Nation*, which acknowledges Bryan's instinctive choice of "the side of the people as against the powers of money," finds his weakness to be "that his heart was much stronger than his head." In Kansas, the *Topeka Capital* (Rep.) concludes that "when the final judgment of history is rendered it will probably be that he was a man whose premises were very often wrong. This made him an unsafe leader: the majority of the American people did not trust his judgment." The *New York World*, a Democratic newspaper which frequently opposed Bryan, characterizes him as a "leader of factions." It says he "never bent his mind to the labor of thinking out any of the problems over which he made himself so conspicuous." According to *The World*—

"It was his conviction that you could solve great questions cheaply, on hunches and by a phrase, that made his influence and his example a dangerous one. The harm he did to his party by committing it against its own tradition to the centralized coercion of Prohibition, the harm he did to pacifism by associating it with empty phrases, the harm he did to Protestantism by associating it with ignorance and legalized intolerance—above all, the great and unforgivable harm he did to his country by introducing a religious feud into politics—were all part and parcel of a life lived without respect for or loyalty to the laborious search for truth.

"At the last this deep defect became overt and Bryan led a crusade against human reason itself. Bryanism ended in what would have become, had he had his way, a religious quarrel throughout the land."

Mr. Bryan's recent activities, culminating in the Scopes trial at Dayton, bring him criticism even in Democratic sections of the country. All signs, we read in the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), "pointed to the emergence of a new Bryan in the rôle of an embattled Old Testament prophet, but his rôle is ended before the play is done." Bryan's purposes and motives were admirable enough, says the *Richmond News-Leader* (Dem.), but his methods, "if followed, gave assurance of greater distress to this nation than anything which has happened since the war between the States."

Turning from the past to the future, we find editors wondering what Democratic politics will be without William Jennings Bryan. There is no one in the party, writes R. L. Norton in the *Boston Post* (Dem.), who can take his place. Democratic leaders, we read in the *New York Evening Post*, "are now wondering where the hosts of plain folk he had marshaled for the coming battle will go, what their reaction will be, what new leader they will seek, or, as the Democratic chiefs hope, whether the fury and shouting stirred by the mighty crusader will die out and the party receive a chance to get what they call its 'true bearings.'" It seems to the *Manchester Union* (Rep.), that some of the old

feuds in the Democratic party will now be wiped out. At any rate, says N. D. Cochran in the *Washington News*, "unless some strong leader appears who is now unknown, the Democratic party may escape the injection of the religious issue into its councils." Practical Democratic leaders, says Thomas Carens in the *Boston Herald*, "may cast their eyes toward firebrands from the North or South eager to revive the animosities of 1924, but they will have no fear that any one else will be able to strike the spark which will again throw a convention into the shambles of Madison Square."

Such a veteran political observer as W. W. Jermaine, of the *Seattle Times*, thinks Mr. Bryan's death will have no effect upon the alignments in his party; "the party will remain divided perhaps indefinitely." Carter Field, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, says that Mr. Bryan's death leaves William G. McAdoo "the undisputed leader of what might be called the progressive wing of the Democratic party. This wing happens also to be the extreme dry wing, and, as was demonstrated at Madison Square Garden, the Protestant wing." Arthur Sears Henning, of the *Chicago Tribune*, takes the same view, and suggests that there will be an early trial of strength between the factions, probably over the reorganization of the Democratic National Committee. The *Brooklyn Citizen* (Dem.) contends that Mr. Bryan's death has paved the way "for the nomination of Governor Smith in 1928 and the return of sane and conservative-liberal Democracy to power in the councils of the party."

The death of Bryan, we read in the *Springfield Republican*, marks the passing of the four great leaders of the progressive or liberal movement of the past generation in American politics. "Two of them, La Follette and Roosevelt, were Republicans, and two of them, Bryan and Wilson, were Democrats." Just now it is the fashion to say that "liberalism is in eclipse." But *The Republican* thinks that when the need for new leaders becomes urgent, they will appear, and it remarks:

"People already fifty or more in age may never witness the 'next war' between conservatism and radicalism. But whatever shape it may assume, whatever its specific issues may be, one can surmise without being shot for treason that leaders like La Follette and Bryan will seem to some of their successors to have been rather tame, house-trained crusaders for the common man in the golden age of American opportunity for the pioneer and the immigrant—getting nowhere because all the forces of American growth and prosperity still ran heavily against them."

Bryan was the last of the old political orators, in the opinion of no less an authority than Frank R. Kent of the *Baltimore Sun*, who thinks that "the politics of the future promises to be denatured politics, with personalities filtered through the radio, distorted by the screen, hidden by the press."

"SLAVERY" IN PORTUGUESE AFRICA

"NOW WE ARE ALL SLAVES," says a black man in Portuguese Africa fifteen years after formal emancipation. "The slaves were better fed than we forced laborers are, for we are not property." They were better clothed, too, and better housed, say the investigators sent to Portuguese Africa by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin, who embodies their findings in a report to the League of Nations. As explained by G. Ellis Porter, the conditions complained of are a result of the abrupt abolition of slavery. "It was immediately necessary to find a substitute for slave labor," he tells us. "Work of two kinds was essential—that on government roads and improvements, and that on the large plantations. It could be done only by the natives. Importation of white laborers is out of the question. But it was almost impossible to get the negroes to work." Writing in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, Mr. Ellis continues:

"Their needs are simple. They have their little huts and ground. They grow their own food. What they want from the outside world is not much more than a length of cloth for a garment and a blanket each. These things they can get in exchange for a fowl or two or a couple of bags of surplus rice. Why should they work on the roads and plantations?"

"They wouldn't—except under compulsion."

"So the Portuguese Government outlined a scheme and put it into effect. It established a system of compulsory paid labor. The Government requires so and so many men and women from each village for stated periods on the roads. The planters are permitted to hire laborers for the fields and other work from the Government."

"The system might work in a perfect world of perfect government officials with perfect subordinates. Two or three months' labor a year required of a certain percentage of the natives and paid for might be regarded as no more onerous than an ordinary tax. As a matter of fact, the negroes of Portuguese Africa are supposed to work out their head or hut tax in this manner, plus a certain additional service. Even civilized peoples recognize the necessity of working to pay taxes."

But "the system has not worked well," we are told, and the *New York Times* thus presents in brief the ten conclusions reached by Professor Ross:

"1. The labor system, virtually state serfdom, which has grown up often claims so much of the natives' time and strength they are no longer able to give adequate attention to the production of food in their own gardens and fields."

"2. There is little evidence that any considerable part of the wages turned over in trust to the officials by the employers of natives hired from the Government actually reached the hands of those to whom it belongs. It appears that the typical thing is for the earnings of those commandeered laborers to be embezzled."

"3. The amount of unpaid labor exacted of skilled natives is not infrequently so excessive that the young men see nothing to be gained by their acquiring skill in the missionary schools."

"4. Motor roads have been extended far beyond need of the colony. Their construction imposes a crushing burden on conscripted, unpaid, unrationed natives, for the most part women."

"5. There appears to be wide-spread labor-stealing; i. e., the planter arbitrarily refuses to give credit or pay for certain days or half-days of labor."

"6. The officials do not appear to be in a strong position with respect to fellow nationals, the traders and planters, and rarely venture to guard the rights of the native as against the claim of a white man."

"7. The native policemen grossly abuse their authority for purposes of lust, spite or extortion."

"8. The Government provides practically nothing in the way of schools, medical care, emergency relief or justice against the white trader."

"9. The treatment of natives in Portuguese territory compares so unfavorably with that experienced by the natives of Rhodesia or Belgian Kongo that there is a strong tendency to emigrate across the frontier."

"10. In Portuguese Africa the amount and manner of collection of hut taxes impose severe handicaps upon the natives."

Rev. José Pacheco Monte, a Portuguese missionary, de-

nies all this in the Fall River (Mass.) *Era Nova*, and the New Bedford *Independente* declares:

"The natives of the Portuguese colonies are treated neither better nor worse than the natives of the colonies of other nations. In the interior of Africa neither England, France nor Italy treats the natives by methods different from those adopted by Portugal."

"Everybody knows, the native people in the interior of the African continent know, that it is entirely impossible to maintain amongst them European authorities or anybody fully civilized and able to employ the means of control used by the civilized world. For this reason it is imperative that authority be vested in other natives, who are only half-civilized themselves, and, therefore, too ignorant to maintain discipline by persuasive means. The result is obvious: when a half-civilized individual finds himself clothed with authority, especially amongst a semi-savage people, his native instinct compels him to force into submission by coercion and brutality those who disobey his commands."

"We do believe that in some remote districts in the interior of the Portuguese colonies there have been cases of cruelty to the natives, but those instances, as has been proved by the investigations of the Portuguese Government, represent only isolated cases and the functionaries responsible for them have been severely punished."

"The natives must be dealt with in a way as humane as possible, it is true, but the psychology of the semi-savage negroes is absolutely different from that of civilized people and, therefore, it is necessary to deal with them in harmony with their own habits and laws."

"We are sure that, as on former occasions, Portugal will present to the League of Nations a concrete defense based on real facts, thus destroying the unjustified attacks of which, once more, she is a victim."

LENDING A BILLION A YEAR

WHETHER LONDON or New York is the "money center" of the world has been a debatable question since 1915. And now the controversy is revived by the action of the Bank of England, which recently assigned to J. P. Morgan & Co. \$75,000,000 of a \$100,000,000 issue of Australian bonds. Financial dailies frankly declare that Great Britain's financiers were not in a position to absorb such a large amount at the moment. If times were normal, of course, Australia would not think of borrowing outside London, if only for sentimental reasons. But, points out *The Wall Street News*, "this is a time when sentiment must needs be submerged in economic facts. The entire Australian loan could not have been handled in London without unsettling existing investments and credit conditions." "If the whole \$100,000,000 had been borrowed in London," explains the *New York Sun*, "that money center would have been drained of a substantial amount of gold, something which it could ill afford."

In addition to being the first Australian bond issue ever underwritten by American bankers, the recent issue is the largest that has been floated in this country since the \$100,000,000 French loan of last November. During the month of July our loans to foreign countries, including the Australian issue, amounted to more than \$100,000,000. For the first six months of the year, according to a Department of Commerce announcement, American investors loaned to foreigners more than half a billion dollars—\$551,591,000, to be exact. This is \$171,891,000 more than the value of foreign securities sold in this country during the corresponding period of last year, and brings the American foreign investment total to \$9,522,000,000—more than three times the amount at the beginning of the World War. "Whether we like it or not," declares *The Wall Street Journal*, "commerce and finance have forever disposed of the doctrine of isolation. With such a stake as this, in other countries, we can not remain aloof." "The distribution of American money throughout the world, for such purposes as those for which the Australian loan will be employed, is one of the most effective means of promoting commerce and maintaining peace," thinks the *Washington Post*.

At present, we are told by the *Providence Journal*, the American people are using for foreign investment almost the equivalent of the amount the Federal Government is returning to them annually through redemption of its war-time loans—roughly a billion dollars. And, continues *The Journal*:

"When one recalls that our foreign investments at the beginning of the World War aggregated approximately only two and a half billions, one can readily appreciate to what extent the world has come to depend upon us for capital. In a little more than a decade we have quadrupled our capital in other countries.

"It was to be expected that we should become the creditor nation of the world in the post-war period and continue in this rôle for an indefinite time. The exigencies of the conflict piled up half the world's stocks of gold within our borders. The credit power it has given us is incalculably great. But even so, the rate at which our foreign investments are increasing is amazing."

Even disregarding the Allied war debts to our Government, which amount to \$12,000,000,000, we are the world's great creditor nation, maintains the *Newark News*, which goes on to compare private loans to foreign governments and private investments in foreign industries:

"Government guaranteed obligations of Canada and Newfoundland, for example, that are held here amount to \$1,125,000,000. Investment here in the securities of these Dominions amount to even more than that total, or \$1,420,000,000. We hold \$915,000,000 of the securities of Latin America, but our private investments there are, at \$3,225,000,000, three and one-half times as large. Our investments in Asia and Oceania, however, at \$280,000,000, while growing rapidly, do not equal our investments in government bonds, which are estimated at \$442,000,000.

"The greatest disparity is in Europe. Our private investment in these government offerings totals \$1,665,000,000. But our industrial investment in Europe, six and one-half years after the Armistice, is only \$450,000,000."

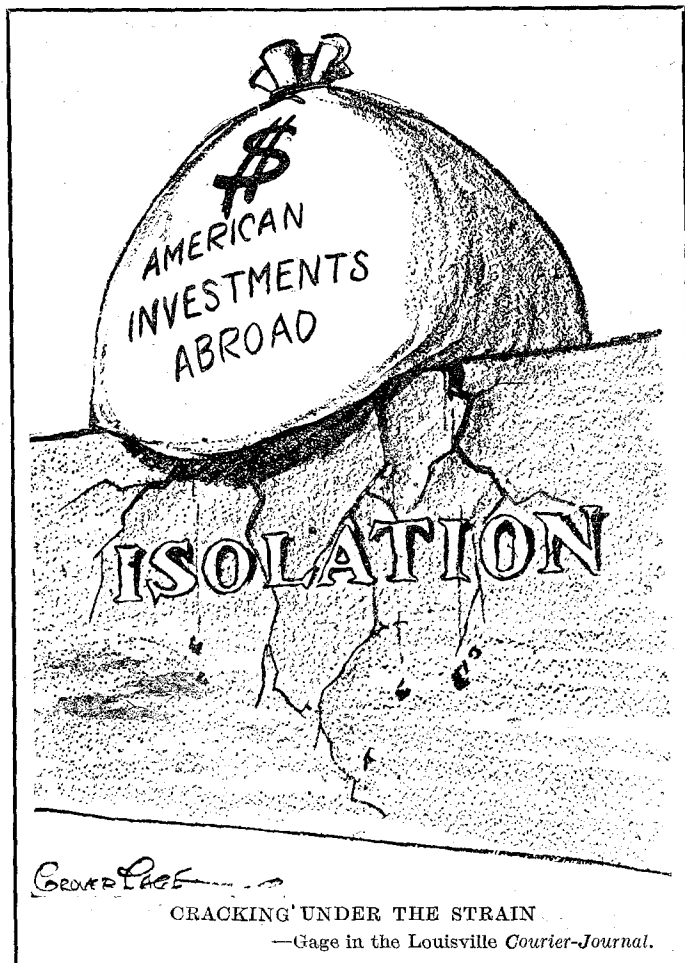
Details of the foreign securities publicly offered in the first half of 1925 are given by Theodore R. Goldsmith, of the Finance and Investment Division of the Department of Commerce.



AMERICA TO EUROPE

"In the red glow of the sunset I see the downfall of Western civilization in misery—except America—to which that misery has brought prosperity."

—Kikeriki (Vienna).



CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN

—Gage in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Up to July 1 of this year, 63 foreign issues were brought out, as compared with 40 during the first half of 1924. Of the total amount, \$551,591,000, we are told that—

"Loans to Governments and enterprises enjoying a governmental guaranty again formed a large proportion of the total, amounting to \$416,671,000, of which \$312,171,000 was new capital. Of corporate issues totaling \$134,980,000 new loans accounted for \$125,095,000. These figures represent a marked increase in the proportion of foreign corporate financing. During the entire year 1924, corporate loans amounted to \$150,000,000, or less than one-seventh of the total, while they represented about one-fourth of the total for the first half of 1925."

Europe was the largest borrower during the first half of 1925, with a gross volume of loans amounting to \$237,600,000; Latin America came second with \$151,000,000; and Canada took third place with \$131,910,000. According to the Department, our holdings abroad, classified geographically, are as follows (omitting intergovernment war debts):

1. Government guaranteed obligations—	
Canada and Newfoundland.....	\$1,125,000,000
Latin America.....	915,000,000
Europe.....	1,665,000,000
Asia and Oceania.....	442,000,000
Total.....	\$4,147,000,000
2. Industrial securities and direct investments—	
Canada and Newfoundland.....	\$1,420,000,000
Latin America.....	3,225,000,000
Europe.....	450,000,000
Asia and Oceania.....	280,000,000
Total.....	\$5,375,000,000

In total the figures are as follows:

Canada and Newfoundland.....	\$2,545,000,000
Latin America.....	4,140,000,000
Europe.....	2,115,000,000
Asia and Oceania.....	722,000,000
Total.....	\$9,522,000,000

THE NEW ENGLAND WAGE-CUT

A WALL AROUND ANY BUSINESS can kill it, if the wall be high enough," is the rap the *Dallas News* (Dem.) gives the Republican tariff in its remarks on the recent slash of 10 per cent. in the wages of the American Woolen Company's 25,000 workers at Lawrence, Massachusetts, due to a falling off in the demand for wool cloth. This reduction is said by New England papers to carry the scale back to where it was in 1920, after the readjustment from war-time wages. "This single wage-cut is bad enough," remarks the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, "but the history of such wage adjustments in New England has been that other textile mills usually follow the American Woolen Company, either in advances or cuts." In fact, immediately after the announcement, says the Boston correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, woolen mills in various parts of New England began posting wage-reductions of 10 per cent., declaring that this was the only possible method of keeping the mills running. This drew a caustic letter from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor. Said the successor of Mr. Gompers to the president of the American Woolen Company:

"Reductions in wages are not proposed and are not being forced upon the workers in other industries. Present existing wage-levels are being maintained, while in some localities increases in wages are being secured. . . .

"It is economically and morally wrong to reduce the purchasing power of the workers engaged in textile manufacturing through the imposition, by force, of a reduction in wages while wage-levels are being maintained in practically all other lines of industry."

Mr. Green and several Democratic editors find it difficult to understand why manufacturers "who are the beneficiaries of a high protective tariff" should be the first to reduce wages. According to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"The present Tariff Act went into effect in September, 1922. No schedules in the entire Act came in for more favorable consideration at the hands of Congress than the woolen and cotton schedules. The manufacturers attribute their difficulties which render wage reductions apparently necessary to style changes. These may be a factor in the situation, but it is the high price of such clothing, for which the high duty on wool and further additional duties on the manufactured goods are largely responsible, that is hurting the woolen industry. Let the price of woolen suits and overcoats go back to a figure where they are well within the means of average people, and the manufacturers will not need to worry about style changes, or the curtailment of production either.

"The truth of the matter is that in its determination to go far enough to insure American industry all the possible benefits of protection, Congress so thoroughly disregarded the interests of the consumer that it involved the very producers it sought to assist most in the worst difficulty they have experienced in years. The moral is simple enough. Lower tariffs will mean lower prices, increased demand for goods, increased industrial activity, larger industrial earnings, and a better balanced economic structure all round."

"Republican tariff-fixing has petted no industry more than woolen manufacturing," agrees the Democratic *New York World*. Continues this paper:

"Some months after the Fordney-McCumber enactment, nearly three years ago, the American Woolen Company felt obliged to square its work with its high-tariff professions, and advanced wages 12½ per cent. Besides, a Presidential election was coming on the next year and the new tariff must work as advertised to elect a Republican President.

"Business was very bad in the woolen and worsted industry during that Presidential year. The reasons for cutting wages were quite as strong a year ago as now. But a Republican President had to be elected then and wages had to be held up at all costs. Now a Republican President has been safely elected. Wages can safely come down, and down they come.

"It is an old story. It comes in a particularly aggravated form this time because in taking raw wool from the free list and

imposing a duty of 31 cents a pound, with generous compensatory duties for the manufactured goods, the new tariff deliberately set out to make wool clothing too high-priced for the average consumer. And it succeeded only too well. That is the chief trouble with the industry now."

It happens, however, that the American Woolen Company has also reduced the prices of much of its worsted cloth. Some worsteds show reductions of from 40 cents to 60 cents a yard below the price asked six months ago, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, while others show an average reduction of 22 cents a yard from last year's prices. In the opinion of *The American Economist* (New York), *The World* "shows its inconsistency by attacking the tariff; if no industry 'has been petted more than this,' it should follow that the American Woolen Company would be on the peak of prosperity. Instead, it has lost money." Says the *Newark News*:

"The company's best peace-time production year was in 1923, when, in April, wages were increased 1 ½ per cent. The present reduction, therefore, leaves them a shade higher than they were at that time.

"A year ago there was talk of a wage-cut, but the cut was not forthcoming, altho 1924 was a year of big operating loss of more than \$4,000,000. The allowance for depreciation and dividends paid out of surplus, together with a draft made upon the special reserve, made a deficit of more than \$13,000,000."

Replying specifically to the New York paper's criticism of the tariff, *The Economist* points out that "no matter which way the economic pendulum turns, *The World* finds the tariff to blame. To this paper the wage increase was an evil, and the wage-cut also." We read on:

"The very title of *The World's* editorial 'Tariff Still Up, Wages Down,' is misleading. In fact, it is absolutely untrue, so far as the implication that the tariff on the woolen goods manufactured by the American Woolen Company and other kindred companies is concerned. The tariff is not 'still up,' for it was decreased, not increased. True, it was increased over the rates imposed by the disastrous Underwood Tariff, which imposed a flat revenue rate of only 35 per cent. *ad valorem* on cloth manufactured of wool, a rate so low that it would have closed every woolen mill in the United States but for the intervention of the war. We are not comparing it with a free-trade tariff, but with the Tariff Act of 1909, which was exactly the same as that of 1897, and substantially the same as that of the McKinley Tariff of 1890. All along the line the rates under the present law are lower than under the former protective tariffs as far back as 1890.

"The result of these lower rates of duty is plainly to be seen in the increasing importations of woolen fabrics. In value the imports of woolen fabrics in the first eleven months of 1924 was \$7,002,257. In the same period of 1925 the value was \$18,551,283. These increased imports very naturally hurt the sales of the American Woolen Company and other woolen mills, and forced the cut in wages."

While we find little or no comment upon the New England situation in Republican newspapers, President Coolidge explained to newspapermen at Swampscott recently that a surplus of mills, built to satisfy war demands, and a consequent oversupply of wool cloth, is to blame for the wage-cut in the New England States. Besides, he pointed out, the industry is suffering from intensive competition from the South, with its raw materials close at hand, and cheaper labor. Of course, admits a New England paper, the *Springfield Union*:

"The necessity of reducing wages at times when general prices show a tendency to rise rather than decline is regrettable for the hardship that may be inflicted on the workers. There are times, however, when readjustments of cost factors, wages included, become necessary, in fulfillment of economic laws. The extensive wage revisions instituted in 1920 were preceded by buyers' strikes that bore a plain warning that something must be done.

"From the employees' view-point, steady work and full time, even at reduced wages, should be regarded as preferable to a four-day week, with occasional shutdowns."

DID THE RUHR OCCUPATION PAY?

SINGING "DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES," tolling church-bells, and blowing sirens and factory whistles at midnight, the Ruhr cities recently celebrated the exodus of French and Belgian troops. Almost immediately rioting began, we are told. There were "bloody clashes" at Herne, while at Bochum a leading hotel precipitated trouble by "hoisting the black, white and red flag of the Empire amid scenes of wild jubilation by Nationalist patriotic societies." Then, as a special wireless dispatch to the New York *Sun* informs us, "there appeared a detachment of the Black, Red and Gold League for the Defense of the Republic indignantly demanding that the imperial colors be torn down and replaced by the Republican banner." In the fighting that followed, several persons were wounded. At Herne, says the correspondent, the disturbances "accompanied a parade engineered by the militaristic Steel Helmet organization, which also was attacked by the defenders of the Republic." The Nationalists' exuberance is curiously illogical, if we are to accept the conclusions reached by Frank Simonds, who tells us in the Brooklyn *Eagle*: "A few months ago nothing was more striking than the general conviction that the Allies—and in practise the French—meant to stay permanently on the Rhine and that all forecasts of eventual evacuation were idle. This conviction was one of the strongest elements in the Nationalist strength. They have steadily argued that the Allies would never go. In the same fashion they reasoned that all concessions, all efforts to perform under the Treaty of Versailles, were worse than futile, because each German yielding only invited and provoked fresh Allied demands. Thus the retirement from the Rhine is in itself the first authentic sign of the mistaken promises of Nationalistic pronouncements, while the retirement from the Cologne zone will be final evidence of the fact that the French determination permanently to hold the left bank of the Rhine does not now exist." According to many newspapers, the Ruhr occupation was a mistake. As the Washington *Star* observes, "Mankind is slow to learn, but gradually it is learning that there are better arguments than force and more satisfactory settlements than those of the sword. It may be now that the war in Europe will come to an end." Meanwhile, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says.

"French soldiers in the Ruhr have inflicted quite as much, possibly more, damage upon their own country than they have upon Germany. Poincaré had persuaded the French people to believe that the Army would be able to extract reparations from an enemy able but unwilling to pay. Long after the dismal failure of his hopes he insisted upon magnifying and emphasizing the importance of the forced levies secured from the Ruhr industries, and when confronted with the need of heavier domestic taxes he had to face an electorate skeptical of the necessity.

"Thus the defeat of the Poincaré Government had its origin, in part at least, in the ill-founded hopes fostered by the Ruhr experiment. The Ruhr has done its share—a goodly one—in bringing down the franc to 4.7c, as compared with about 7c at the time French troops first occupied the region."

According to the Boston *Globe*, "the expedition was doomed before it started. Poincaré was warned that it would net nothing beyond an even greater bitterness than four years of war had produced." So the evacuation "should be the signal for deep rejoicing. It also should stir a fervent prayer that the failure of the Ruhr enterprise will make more men the world over realize the horrible futility of a policy of force."

On the other hand the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says:

"The Ruhr invasion hurt the world; it hurt France, but it hurt Germany worst, and was worth all it cost. French bayonets in Essen were proof that France could be pushed just so far and no farther. They were warnings to Germany, Britain and even to America that war settlements made at Versailles were not 'scraps of paper' and that Germany should not evade the pains and penalties laid upon her.

"Out of the travail of the Ruhr has come a reparations truce that may prove a final settlement. We hear much of the New Era in Europe. It had its beginnings on the morning of January 11, 1923, when Germany and the world heard the tramp of French feet in the Ruhr."

That "the experiment paid" is also the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which assures us:

"In the first place, it more than met its own costs and turned a balance into the Reparations Commission's strongbox. In the second place, it demonstrated that German passive resistance to reparations collections could not be maintained without destroying Germany. The Reich had to admit after eight months or so that it was better to pay than to endure the Ruhr occupation.

"The German will not to pay had to be broken before the Treaty could be enforced. It was broken. General Dawes said in

Paris, when the negotiations which bore fruit in the Dawes plan were beginning, that without the Ruhr occupation no practicable reparations payment settlement would have been possible.

"The Ruhr occupation was thus a logical forerunner of the Dawes plan. What was accomplished by it completely vindicated Poincaré's statesmanship. He was acting for others as well as for France. The United States has always been deeply interested in the resumption of German payments. The Ruhr occupation had our moral backing. In our view it represented a courageous effort to save the treaty settlement, on which the appeasement and economic recovery of Europe depended and on which depended also in large measure the possibility of realizing on our claims against Germany and on our war loans to the Allies. It has done its work and done it so effectually that the withdrawal of French and Belgian forces from the Ruhr now attracts only passing notice, even in Germany."

As viewed by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the evacuation is "another step toward stability in Europe," for—

"Whatever be taken as the rights and wrongs of the invasion of the Ruhr, there is no doubt that the presence of hostile soldiery is an intolerable irritation. Industry can not proceed and even the details of every-day civilian life are awry. The Germans wanted the French out. The French would have been glad enough to get out, but could not, such confusion is created by the cross-currents of politics and statecraft.

"It is gratifying to America to realize that the short cut to a happy solution was found by American ingenuity. The Dawes plan is the basis for the present settlement of the Ruhr problem. Germany will breathe a sigh of relief as the French depart."



CHOPPY WEATHER FOR NAVY BOOSTERS

CHOPPY WEATHER is reported on the Thames and at Swampscott, where the sea lords of the British Admiralty and one of the Navy's spokesmen in the United States have tried to interest John Bull and Uncle Sam in larger appropriations for battle-ships and naval bases. This they have done in an entirely honorable way, having the welfare of each country's navy at heart, and the eventual welfare of the country itself, but they seem to have run up against two representatives of the people, in the persons of Winston Churchill and Calvin Coolidge, who favor reduced governmental expenses so that taxes may be cut, rather than increased appropriations for the two greatest navies in the world. "Neither the pound in Great Britain nor the dollar in this country is on the side of the 'big navy' group," is the way the *Boston Globe* puts it.

Late in July, it will be recalled, Senator Frederick E. Hale, of Maine, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, visited the President at the summer White House and painted a vivid picture of the helplessness of the Pacific fleet in the event of war. "The fact is," said the Maine Senator, after his call at White Court, "we have only the beginning of a naval base in the Hawaiian Islands. What is the value of a naval base harbor which our battle-ships can not get into?" Continued Mr. Hale:

"The present entrance channel of Pearl Harbor is too shallow for our battle-ships, which it was necessary to anchor outside in the open sea after the recent maneuvers in the Hawaiian Islands.

"For the dredging of this channel \$5,000,000 has been authorized but not appropriated. To complete the dredging of the entire harbor, \$25,000,000 more will be required. We have a dry dock there, but our largest ships could not get into it if crippled in battle.

"In these respects Pearl Harbor is more of a liability than an asset, but when properly developed it will be a base which will make our country impregnable to attacks from the west.

"We also ought to have a naval base on the Pacific coast comparable to Norfolk on the Atlantic. We have no adequate base there now, as our fleet has outgrown Mare Island. I am in favor of the establishment of a real base at Alameda, without abandoning Mare Island, which can still be used for subsidiary purposes.

"We need a first-class naval aviation base on the Pacific coast, and I think that Sand Point, Washington, offers the most feasible development."

While President Coolidge has not indicated what he will do in the matter of enlarging our naval base facilities in Hawaii and on the Pacific coast, he already has set in motion, say Swampscott correspondents, a special investigation of the Navy Department with a view of cutting down the expenses of administration. Senator Hale is to pursue this inquiry, and will report to the President before Congress reconvenes in December. The object, it is said, is to discover if some \$20,000,000 can not be saved at Washington and elsewhere."

Senator Hale, in his official capacity, has just returned from an inspection of the naval bases on the Pacific coast and in Hawaii. As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, maintains the *New York World*, "it is his business, if it is anybody's business, to be alarmed about the status of the Navy." And, declares the *Troy Record*: "If there is any danger of war with Japan, about which there has been so much talk, the United States might better err on the safe side than to take chances of being caught unprepared. If Pearl Harbor is practically worthless in its present state, the harbor and entrance should be dredged to permit the passage and anchorage of the fleet." Besides, naval authorities remind us, it is not only for ships damaged in action that docks are required; unless a war-ship is periodically docked and cleaned, she loses her speed. And the speed of a fleet is the speed of its slowest unit.

Pearl Harbor, notes the *New York Times*, "has become our chief base in the Pacific by virtue of the Washington Naval Treaty, and the policy of slow and piecemeal development can

no longer be tolerated." As the *New York Herald Tribune* puts the case for Senator Hale:

"Without a real base the battle fleet must remain handicapped. The huge investment in the fleet can be protected only by an auxiliary investment in a base. Money would thus be saved, not wasted. Two adequate bases are needed—one in Hawaii, and one on our Pacific coast, where local rivalries have prevented the creation of a modern naval base comparable to the Hampton Roads one on the Atlantic.

"We maintain our Navy as a primary form of national insurance. The ideal of efficiency is not served if this essential means of defense is allowed to deteriorate and to sink below the international ratio level. Nor is the ideal of economy served, since real economy involves keeping the Navy fit to furnish the full protection for which the country has insured itself.

"Our treaty navy should be a treaty navy in fact, and not simply in name. To make it such can not clash with the policy of vigilant retrenchment—of getting the most out of every dollar spent by the Government. There is no thrift in cutting out insurance premium payments. The treaty navy, developed in the spirit of the 5-5-3 ratio, is one of the most indispensable instruments of national security, and its maintenance is one of the first of national duties."

"There is not, at present, any chance of war in the Pacific," observes the *Manchester Union*. "But times change." For example—

"One of the possibilities of the future is that Japan will assume the leadership of the Mongol world and give it what alone it lacks now to make it as it has been in the past, a great danger to Europe—organization. China has four hundred million people, industrious, fearless, tireless, lacking only the one thing, organization, to make them the greatest military power in existence in any period of history.

"With China in the mood it now is, with the possibility that in some sudden swing of sentiment the leaders of China could conceivably invite Japan to give the country the direction its own leaders never have been able to give it—with these things possible, the establishing of naval bases on our Pacific coast is not an academic matter."

"But large additions to naval appropriations do not jibe with the President's policy of economy in national expenditure," we are reminded by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Mr. Coolidge," points out David Lawrence in his Swampscott correspondence to the Consolidated Press Association, "is more in sympathy with the view-point of Senator Curtis, of Kansas, who thinks great economies in expenditure can be made." Continues this correspondent:

"Of one thing the public can rest assured. The President has not forgotten either the spirit or the letter of the treaties entered into at Washington, limiting the naval armaments of the great Powers.

"Mr. Coolidge feels that the Washington treaties allayed suspicion and dispelled the war clouds then existent. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which had existed until then, was a disturbing factor in the Pacific. Since that time sincere efforts have been made to compose the problems of the Pacific. The President would prefer to exert himself to the utmost in that direction, rather than to accept the hypothesis that war with Japan is inevitable and that the naval arm must be strengthened accordingly. He feels he must keep the situation from becoming a competitive one either in the size of ships or the erection of naval bases.

"Mr. Coolidge, however, is bent upon making economy the greatest accomplishment of his career. He thinks the economic condition of the world will not permit another war for another generation at least, and that the problem of the hour is to pay off the public debt, reduce interest charges, cut the taxes and trust to the good sense of governments to restrain the war spirit."

The *Philadelphia Record* is "unable to think of any nation that could make war against us on the Pacific except Japan, and Japan is far inferior to us in population and resources." "The tragedy of our attitude toward the Pacific," thinks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "is that we are always putting our worst foot forward. For instance, to talk about ships being hit in battle as a reason for deepening the Pearl Harbor entrance presumes the presence of an unfriendly Power in the Pacific, and Japan is the only other Power which has a large fleet in that part of the world."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

LOOKS like the Dayton trial is gonna be a Tennesserial.—*Birmingham News*.

ANOTHER easy way to get along with the yellow races is to treat them white.—*Baltimore Sun*.

PERHAPS the Riffians are fighting to make the world safe for Morococracy.—*New York Evening World*.

IF the Shipping Board can hold its position but a little longer the vessels may sink themselves.—*Boston Herald*.

HOWEVER, the cross-word puzzle hasn't taught us any words that are useful in changing a tire.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*.

A WILD rumor is afloat that Henry Ford is thinking of putting out a new model. It can be done. They kept at it till they made a noiseless typewriter.—*Wichita Eagle*.

HAD he not become a builder of automobiles Henry Ford would have become a great junk man.—*Toledo Blade*.

ONE reason why the American dollar buys less is because it has so much more to buy.—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

THE Powers will confer on China, but unless precedents are ignored, what they will confer on it won't be much.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

THE exercise that reduces the waist-line most quickly consists in placing both hands on the table and pushing back.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

THAT accord on a program for China probably follows the usual course of assuming that what suits the rest of the world suits China.—*Indianapolis News*.

THERE is no harm in a man's being in advance of his age providing he has money enough to live on until his age catches up with him.—*Houston Post-Dispatch*.

A CHICAGO bridge player recently was dealt 13 diamonds, bungled his bid and didn't get to play 'em. This is the first time in the recent history of Chicago when there was a legitimate excuse for a murder and none was committed.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*.

THE ambition of millions of American youths was realized by the boys who went on the stand at Dayton to testify against the teacher.—*The New Yorker*.

WHAT this country needs is an Interstate Commerce Commission that can give the railroads higher rates and the farmers lower ones.—*American Lumberman (Chicago)*.

THE new telephone directory in New York lists 931,000 telephones. Think of trying to call up a friend in a town with that many wrong numbers.—*Kansas City Star*.

THE outlook in China is much more hopeful, and indeed provisional agreements have already been come to with eighteen out of the thirty-seven Governments of that country.—*Punch*.

AS we get it, the European nations would be willing to pay their debts to the United States if they could borrow more than enough money from the United States to pay them with.—*Macon Telegraph*.

THIS nation can not endure half drivers and half dodgers.—*California Graphic*.

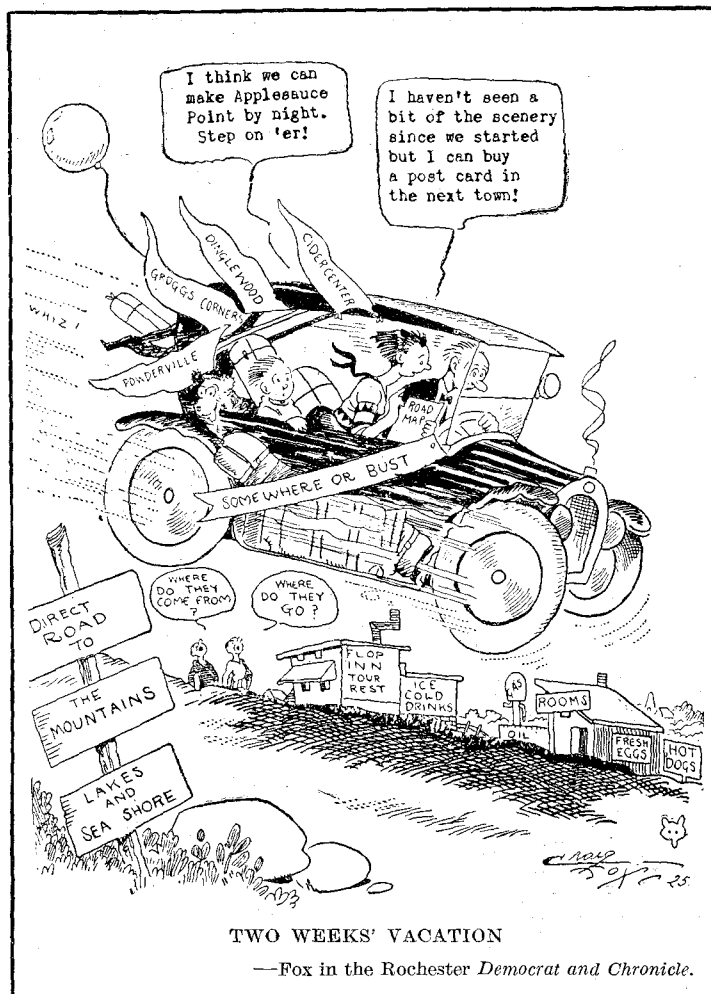
THE French Zoological Society recently ate whale steaks at a dinner. Jonah is at last avenged.—*Punch*.

THAT critic who says America has no genius for music wasn't talking about chin music.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

THE bootleggers will continue to outwit the Government as long as they outpay the Government.—*Columbia Record*.

UNDER Mr. Dawes's plan the Senate would use its ayes and noes more than its mouth.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*.

THE optimist believes that the anthracite trouble will soon be settled and the pessimist knows who will have to do most of the settling.—*The New Yorker*.



TWO WEEKS' VACATION

—Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

LOS ANGELES realtor took his son out of school because he wasn't taught subdivision.—*California Graphic*.

EUROPEAN Powers ambitious to annex the wealth of North Africa are finding too many Riffs in the loot.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

MAYBE the Riffs are battling so savagely to keep the French from opening a charge account with them.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*.

AN essayist writes that "the world never realizes what a poet has done until after he is dead," and then of course the fellow is safe.—*Punch*.

JUST about the time the scientists became hopeful of being able to prolong the span of human life, the automobile was invented.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SOME of us wish they'd talk less at Washington about reducing next year's taxes, and give us back some of that we paid last year.—*Davenport Democrat*.

THE LITERARY DIGEST has an article on "Bases of Our Economic Dominance." If you ask us, we would say all four bases are important,

but the home base is the only one that really counts.—*Kingston Standard*.

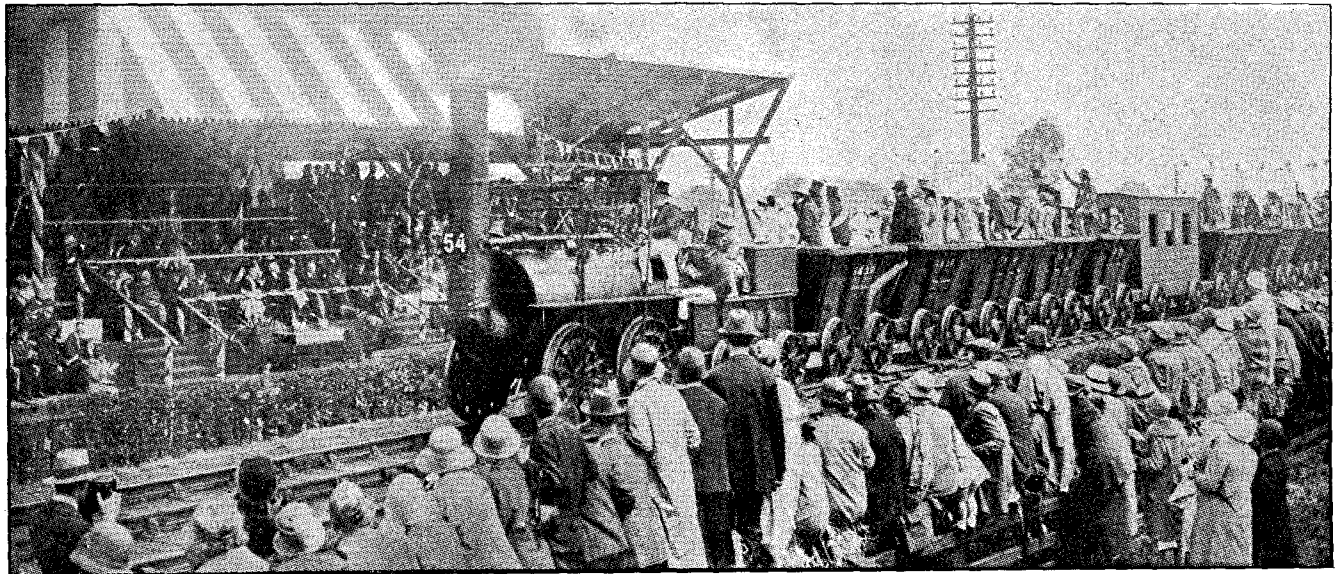
IF evolution depended merely on survival of the fittest, we should long ago have had the songless mosquito.—*Boston Herald*.

IF it is going to take an extra session of Congress to avert the coal strike wouldn't it be better for everybody concerned just to go ahead and have the strike?—*Macon Telegraph*.

AUSTRALIA is borrowing \$25,000,000 from the mother country and \$75,000,000 from us. It is always easier to get it from friends than from relatives.—*American Lumberman*.

NOW all you little boys and girls who have pet dogs will be interested in knowing where dogs come from. Madison Grant tells us in LITERARY DIGEST. He says the first record of the domestic dog is that it is "Known from the kitchen middens of Denmark, dating from the Maglemose, which is contemporaneous with the Azilian transition between the Paleolithic and the Neolithic." Now, children, don't forget it.—*Kansas City Drovers Telegram*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT



From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

"A RAILWAY HISTORY ON WHEELS"

The evolution of the railway during the past one hundred years shown on the Stockton to Darlington line from the time a bellman on horseback with a red flag preceded the locomotive to the massive engines of to-day.

BRITAIN'S RAILWAY CENTENARY

THE QUAINTEST AND MOST CURIOUS procession, "a railway history on wheels," as it is described, commemorated the opening of the world's first locomotive railway, which linked Stockton and Darlington in England one hundred years ago. Nearly a quarter of a million people saw this five-mile-long parade, we learn from the British press, and the exhibits included the Hetton Colliery locomotive built by George Stephenson in 1822, and the actual first train engine built, which was called "Locomotion 1." As the *London Daily News* points out, the "evolution of the railway was shown from the time a bellman on horseback with a red flag preceded the lumbering, strange coaches, to the luxurious salons and massive engines of the present day." Incidentally it is of interest to note that the first railway in America, built with the purpose of using steam locomotives, was the South Carolina Railroad on which construction was begun in 1830. Yet the idea of carrying vehicles on rails was not new when the first train ran from Stockton to Darlington, it is recalled by the *London Star*, which goes on to say:

"Right at Londoners' doors the Iron Railway had conveyed stone and other heavy goods from Merstham to Wandsworth, and some traces of its embankments still remain. At Christmas, 1801, Richard Trevithick, the Cornish engineer, conveyed the first passengers by steam, but it was left to George Stephenson to work the idea of the railway locomotive out to success, through all the mob of inventors, engineers, landowners, lawyers, speculators, who cumbered the ground one hundred years ago. We can hardly realize the age which the railways superseded, tho, fortunately for us, we have in 'The Pickwick Papers' the veritable landscapes of that age. We like to think of 'Pickwick' as the last of the coaching days, but long before Dickens was an old man the progress of the new idea was so rapid that he had given us, in 'Mugby Junction,' a railway station that does not differ materially from our own. We not only rapidly covered our own country with railways—unfortunately at vast cost, chicanery, overlapping, and waste—but we proceeded to build similar constructions for all the world which was not able to build its own. The history of railways is the story of the gradual conquest of

the desert and the jungle and the savage, and when 'we broke a king and we built a road,' it generally proved to be a railroad."

The accompanying illustrations from *London Punch* show how that famous humorous and satiric observer found a rich field in the railroad. When the first number of *Punch* appeared on July 17, 1841, it tells us, the railroad was still in its 'teens, but "it can not honestly be said that Mr. Punch treated it either with the enthusiasm inspired by a new toy or the respect proverbially due to youth." It is further related that:

"In his serious moments (for *Punch* in these years was often desperately serious), he admitted that we could not go back and must go on, but he foresaw trouble and class-war as the inevitable result of the indefinite extension of machinery: 'The steam-engine must and will carry statesmen back to first principles. As it is, machinery is a fiend to the poor; the time will come when it will be a beneficent angel.' That was written in January, 1842, but for many years *Punch* was far more concerned with emphasizing the dangers and discomforts of the new mode of travel, and the wild speculation to which it led, than given to dilating on its prospective delights. References to accidents—'infernal smashes'—abound in almost every number: e.g., he writes on August 23, 1845, under the heading of 'Railway Returns'—'The profits annually returned on railways are something enormous; but the largest item in railway returns bids fair to be the list of the killed and wounded.'

"Railway directors were his special aversion. Their motto was 'Your money and your life.' In his first volume he declares that 'the best thing to do for poor Earth to protect her would be to hang daily a railway director'; and of his many railway cartoons one of the most famous is that with a director sitting on the front buffers of an engine as the best remedy for collisions. But he has not a good word to say for railway men from top to bottom."

All *Punch's* sympathies, it appears, were at this time reserved for passengers, especially third-class passengers. The first-class alone are said to have been comfortable, tho grossly overcharged; and we are told that the rest had to put up with overcrowding, drafts, hard seats, smoke, dust, and dirt. Third-class passengers were "negligible and contemptible folk," so

in Mr. Punch's satirical recommendations for the prevention of railway accidents, he suggested that behind each engine there should be "second and third class carriages, so that in the event of a smash only second and third class lives would be sacrificed." We read then:

"In the ironical 'Railway Moral Class Book, by the Bishop of London' (August 17, 1844), while first-class passengers are conceded the right to travel on Sundays, in virtue of their wealth and social prestige, second-class passengers are granted the permission only on sufferance, while the Legislature is severely condemned for compelling Sunday trains to run third-class carriages for the benefit of people who were not respectable and should therefore have no respect shown to their inclinations.

"Third-class carriages in the 'forties were certainly not luxurious; they almost deserved *Punch's* description as being little better than locomotive sheep-pens. The discourtesy and incivility of railway officials is a constant theme: guards, porters, and booking-office clerks are confounded in one common censure of their insolence. They figure as 'myrmidons' whose one object was to harry and torment the timid traveler. The 'saucy passenger' recently rebuked by a London Magistrate did not exist. We have now come to marvel at the amazing patience of the booking-office clerk in holiday time; but in the 'forties and 'fifties, if *Punch* is to be trusted, consideration for the public on the railways was only shown to the nobility and gentry. It is only right to add, however, that in those days *Punch* espoused the cause of overworked and underpaid engine-drivers, stokers, signalmen, and pointsmen, of whose lives he charged directors with being callously lavish."

A Canadian daily, the London (Ont.) *Free Press*, reminds us that George Stephenson himself drove the first engine, nicknamed "Puffing Billy," on the line from Stockton to Darlington, a distance of eleven miles. This extremely short run, however, began "as great or a greater revolution in transportation than the automobile in the twentieth century." When the era of railways dawned, we are advised, there were nearly 3,000 stage-coaches and nearly 100 fast mail coaches in operation in England. It was only human nature for the transportation interests of that day to resent any innovation which should jeopardize their capital investment, but, it is recalled, the romantic old stage-coaches soon gave way to the new invention, and to-day the stage-coach is but a memory. This daily adds:

"To-day the railways are fighting, in their turn, a battle for existence with the automobile. The auto and the truck are seriously cutting into the business of the railways. From every large center in Canada and the United States are many lines of passenger automobiles and fleets of trucks carrying freight. From London, as an example, motor busses are now running to many points in Western Ontario and lines of trucks carrying freight and express of all kinds. That they are injuring the rail-



THE PATENT SAFETY RAILWAY BUMPER

—From *Punch*, July 18, 1857.

ways is undoubted. That the railways will give way to the automobile as the coaches in their turn did to the railways is another question. It has never been demonstrated yet that the automobile can displace the railway for long hauls."

THE "WILL" TO MAKE EUROPE SAFE

A LONG ROAD OF NEGOTIATIONS must be traveled, it is admitted, before a Rhine security pact between Germany and the Allied Governments can be reached, but Prime Minister Baldwin has said in a speech that he believes the "will" to make this journey exists in Germany to-day and among the Allies "with greater power than it has existed at any time since the war." Therefore, he finds it most necessary that no time be lost and that the discussion of Germany's reply to the French inquiry about Germany's security proposals should proceed without interruption. The German Government, we learn from the press, raised four points of difference with the French, and the English and French have come to an agreement on three of them, which are summarized by a *New York Times* correspondent at London as follows:

"1. Germany's demand that the Allies agree not to take any sanctions in case of German default on reparations is not to be entertained, because Germany's interests as long as she shows good faith are amply protected by the terms of the Dawes plan.

"2. The Reich's effort to bring French disarmament into the discussion is to be resisted on the ground that Germany should enter the League and there take part in disarmament measures.

"3. Germany's request for exemption from the provisions of Article 16 of the League Covenant can not be dealt with by England and France, but must be handled by the League."

Incidentally, it will be recalled that the main idea of Article 16 of the League Covenant is that



MISUNDERSTOOD

"This is not a smoking-carriage, is it?"

"No, miss. You'll find a smoking-carriage a little further down."

—From *Punch*, August 8, 1885.

"should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League." The *Times* correspondent relates that the fourth point of difference between Germany and France concerns Germany's objection to the French claim of the right to guarantee arbitration treaties between Germany on the one hand and Poland and Czechoslovakia on the other. It is said that the English have agreed that there shall be no security conference until this point is settled. Germany's objection, we are told, is based on the argument that France can not be both accuser and judge in case of trouble between Germany and Poland. For example, the Germans are said to contend that it might even be possible for Poland to attack Germany and the French to say that it was aggression, and jump on Germany. This correspondent continues as follows:

"The issue is a difficult one, for the British also refused to give their guaranty to these Eastern arbitration treaties, but at the same time recognized France's right to do so if she wished.

"It is evidently to English interest to find a middle ground which the Germans will accept and which also would give some assurance to France's allies. The ticklish point being a decision of who is the aggressor, it is understood the British are proposing that the French agree that in case of trouble between Germany and Poland without resort to arbitration the Council of the League minus both French and German members shall be called on to decide who is at fault.

"There seems to be a feeling in London that sooner or later the American Government will have a word to say in regard to security. While it is not believed the Washington Government will intervene in a manner to place any responsibility whatever on the United States, yet the English seem to think that, as with the Dawes plan, America will lend her influence to persuade the European nations to make security treaties based on the principle of arbitration."

Speaking of the demand in the German note for adequate consideration by the Allies of the "special military and economic as well as the special geographical situation of Germany," the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* observes:

"This is a very comprehensive formula, and it must be so if the solution arrived at is really to put us on an equal footing. Disarmament, air control, and the far-famed investigation committee of the League of Nations—in one word, eternal continuance of French military control under the guise of the League of Nations—all enters into the game, even if it is not mentioned in the note."

What is omitted from the note is most important, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, which remarks that "if the Nationalists had their way, God and world occupation, neutralization and the Rhineland pact would have been debated, with the result that every chance for a conference would have been lost. But Stresemann wants a conference, and if he can not reach it by air-plane or automobile, he will get there on a slow freight-train." A German Nationalist authority on foreign affairs, Prof. Otto

Hoetsch, writes in the monarchistic Berlin *Tag* as follows of Germany's position:

"It is said that the security discussion will prepare a substantial transformation in Central and Western Europe. Yes, if thereby is meant the creation of a new spirit, of a new order and the safeguarding of peaceful relations on the basis of equal rights and the possibility of revising peace treaties. No, if what is meant is a combined front against Russia and consolidation with the West and with North America.

"In these negotiations Germany's vital interests as a middle State must be protected at all costs."

According to Paris dispatches, France alone is not in favor of having a conference to discuss the security pact. Now that America has officially supported the conference idea, it is said, the French find themselves in a very small minority, because Germany wants a conference, England wants a conference and Belgium wants the security business settled "if that is the best way of settling." Explaining the French attitude of objection to the proposed

conference, an American correspondent at Paris writes:

"So long as the negotiations are kept to notes the French feel they are on safe ground, even tho it is ground along which no very quick progress can be made."



A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA

(PASSENGER IN TRAIN, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the guard that the animal should be put in the van.)
STUPID OLD LADY (dashing out of the carriage): "Did it then, a darling! A pretty sweet!—did it get into a carriage with a bre-ute?"

—From *Punch*, July 18, 1863.



A FORTIORI

TICKET COLLECTOR: "Now, then, make haste! Where's your ticket?"
BANDSMAN (refreshed): "Aw've lost it!"
TICKET COLLECTOR: "Nonsense! Feel in your pockets. Ye cannot hev lost it!"
BANDSMAN: "Aw cannot? Why, man, aw've lost the BIG DRUM!"

—From *Punch*, January 21, 1871.

A HOME VIEW OF "ENGLISH TRAITS"

THE WORST HE FEARED was arrest, perhaps, is said of the free and easy American who walked up to King George at the Wembley Exhibition and shook hands with him. But, as we have learned from London press dispatches, the King accepted the American's proffered hand courteously, and also submitted to the introduction of the American's young son. Now this example of American friendly familiarity has brought out in England some rather tart comments on the impression the act made on American newspapers. Thus, a writer who signs himself "A. R." notes in the *Manchester Guardian* that the American press have been "hailing us as democrats because our King shakes hands with a tourist from the States." At the same time, this writer goes on to say the French have been "dismissing us as aristocrats because our King rides on a toy railway at Wembley" and he adds:

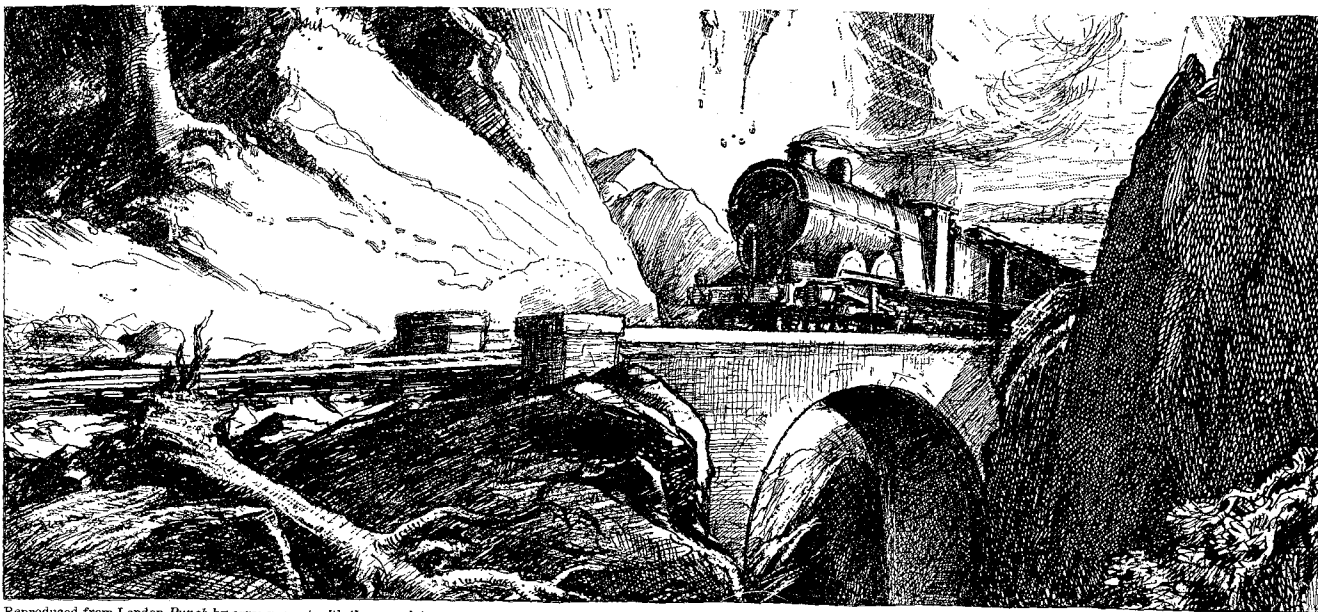
"What a slap in the face is here for the pessimists who say that the world is standardized and that the Babbitts of London and Paris have just the same ideas as their brothers in New York! For, reading the American and the French comments on these two incidents, one finds it impossible to decide whether the praise or the blame gives the falser picture of English ideas. The American papers talk as tho King George's handshake was a self-conscious, democratic 'gesture,' a recognition that all men are the same whether they wear crowns or Stetson hats. Whereas the truth is, as all Englishmen, and apparently no Americans realize, that the King was polite not because he is a doctrinaire democrat, but because he is a gentleman and dislikes scenes in public. Had he snubbed his handshaker there might have been a scene, so his subjects, who would rather die than be guilty of a pushfulness that in the English view is appalling bad manners, feel that he did the right thing, while feeling at the same time no particular resentment against the American, who is excused as intending no offense and as acting up to a quite intelligible code accepted in his country but not in ours. So much for our being democrats as the term is understood across the Atlantic. We must refuse to be decked with that particular laurel wreath. Are we to accept, instead, the cap fitted on to us by our critics across the Channel?"

The French say, according to this informant, that the King may wander about the Wembley Exhibition and Admiral Jellicoe slide down a spiral toboggan because the British are "a caste-ridden nation." The gulf between the classes of England, the French are alleged to believe, is so deep that nothing English leaders do can lower them in the eyes of the people. British officers can play football with their men, the French are said to think, yet when the game is over the gulf remains. But, we read—

"Marshal Foch, if he whisked down a water-chute, would find that he had left his baton at the top. His dignity would have been lost, and in a democracy like France a great man dare not compromise his dignity without running the risk of losing his office."

"Our classes, it is true, strike the eye even of a foreign visitor. There are no institutions in France that stamp a man so obviously as do public schools. But when one has granted that, one has stated the only accurate thing in the French analysis of the Wembley exploits of our rulers. The real reason why Admiral Jellicoe mounts a toboggan and Marshal Foch mounts nothing less impressive than a war-horse is that the English sailor enjoys fooling while the French soldier does not understand it. If M. Poincaré knew that he could increase his popularity by disporting himself at Neuilly Fair he would only do so as a painful political necessity. If Mr. Baldwin knew that his Ministry would fall if he were seen amusing himself in a frivolous manner he might very well slip off incognito and chance being found out by the photographers. Apart, altogether, from how their antics appeal to their countrymen most middle-aged Englishmen are fond of a rag, and all middle-aged Frenchmen have never heard of such a thing. Like dogs, Englishmen keep young at heart when they are old in years, but, like cats, Frenchmen give to each age and rank the behavior to which it is entitled. While they are kittens they gambol, and when they are mature they keep up an appropriate dignity. But this difference between us and our neighbors is not to be explained away as a class distinction. It goes far deeper than that—it has its roots in the beginnings of our two histories."

The vast difference between the English and French, according to this contributor to *The Guardian*, is that the English have "never had a caste system and that the French have always had one." Up to the French Revolution—only five generations ago—the French supported a rigid caste, which had come down to them without a break from the Middle Ages, we are told, but the ruling caste in England has "always been fluid and open to new blood." In normal periods this process was at work, it is declared, and in crises, like the Tudor Revolution and the Industrial Revolution, it acted as a "social earthquake." As soon as the French Revolution swept away their aristocrats, we read then, the French "fell instantly under another caste system, that of the bureaucracy, which the Republic set up." This writer goes on to show a further divergence between the French and the English, when he reminds us that the French are the oldest civilized people in the West, and that their culture traces an unbroken descent from Rome. This settled way of life has flourished in a stable agricultural land where comfort was easily accessible, we are told, but sudden prosperity was out of reach. The French, therefore, have been traditionally accustomed to making the most of what they had, it is said, whereas the English have been adventuring in all parts of the world.



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THE CONQUEROR'S WAY

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

THE BRITISH CANCER FIND

THE INVESTIGATION of the cause or causes of cancer, which has been going forward in many lands with great activity, has again reached a popular phase in the announcement that British workers have isolated an organism that may prove to be at least one cause of the disease. While experts have no disposition to minimize the importance of this discovery, they deprecate sensational exploitation of it and the disposition to hail the investigators as having brought all cancer research to a triumphant close. This, of course, is very far from being the case. Writes the editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago):

"The newspaper sensation of the current week, aside from the attempt to prevent by legal trial in Dayton, Tennessee, the

or filtrable virus associated with certain experimental tumors in chickens. Recent studies indicate that this organism may be of the type of the much-discussed 'bacteriophage.' Evidently the British investigators have pursued somewhat farther the work of Peyton Rous with this form of tumor, and their report is to some extent a confirmation of his investigations. It will be a considerable step to find the relationship of such an organism to cancer as it occurs in man, and obviously the next procedure will be to determine whether any such relationship exists. Obviously, also, the present series of experiments, while of great interest from a research point of view, has no immediate bearing on either the prevention or the cure of human cancer."

That no present likelihood of a practical cure for cancer is offered by the British experiments is the opinion of Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). It considers the success of the British scientists in cultivating, observing, and photographing the organism that causes a malignant cancer in chickens of great scientific interest, but is sure that it will not help any one now ill with cancer; and it quotes to this effect Dr. Erwin F. Smith, senior plant pathologist of the U. S. Bureau of Plant Industry, an authority on cancerous growths. We read:

"In a recent visit to London, Dr. Smith visited the laboratory of Dr. J. E. Barnard, one of the three British scientists whose work is creating so much interest. There he saw tubes of clear serum containing the invisible infectious organism. Then he observed the living organism dancing about in a drop of serum under a specially constructed microscope, and also photomicrographs of this germ, which is so small that it can not be seen under the highest powers of any ordinary microscope and will pass through the pores of filters which will not let through the smallest known bacteria.

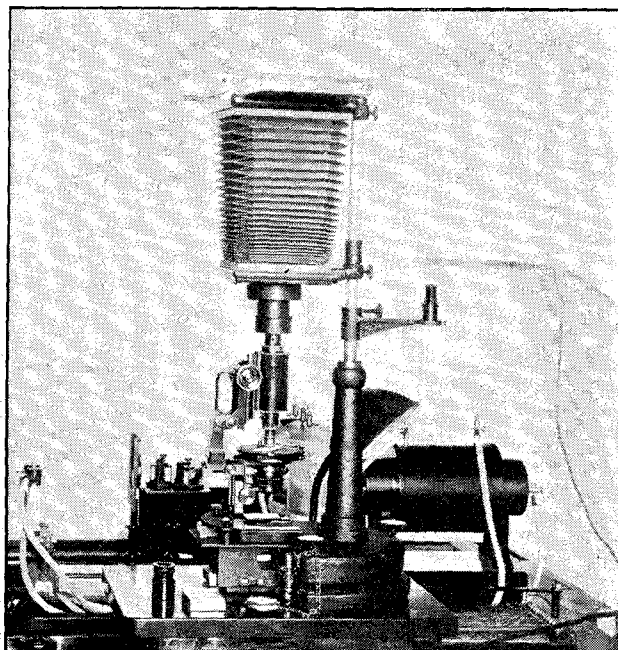
"But this organism which causes a malignant tumor in chickens is related only very indirectly to human cancer," says Dr. Smith. "Dr. Peyton Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, who discovered and studied this chicken tumor in the United States, determined beyond question its malignancy, and also that it could be produced in chickens in the absence of any tumor cells. He took portions of the malignant tumor and killed the cells in various ways, by grinding, by freezing, by drying for months, and with these dead cells he could still produce tumors when they were introduced into susceptible chickens. He found also that the cause of the disease is a filter passer, that it is so small that it will pass through the pores of medium Berkefeld filters which will not let through the smallest known bacteria. Nevertheless, this clear filtrate would produce the disease. Thus, once for all, he settled the question that the cause of cancer may be something separable and independent of the tumor cell, a matter which had been denied for all cancers by many research workers who said that the tumor cell is the only parasite. Dr. Rous was never able to isolate, cultivate, or see the cause of this tumor in spite of prolonged and diligent search.

"What Dr. Gye and his colleague, Dr. Barnard, have done is to cultivate this organism through a whole series of tubes, to see it under especially constructed microscopes quite different from the microscopes in ordinary use, and to photograph it.

"The organism is a very peculiar body unlike any ordinary bacteria, and it seems to me problematic where it belongs in the natural classification of organisms. It is like the pleuropneumonia germ."

"As to the general bearing of this discovery on the whole subject of cancer, Dr. Smith points out that nothing is yet known as to the cause of the human cancer aside from the fact that very frequently, if not always, it appears in irritated places; and if on its first appearance it is removed by the surgeon, it may never return, whereas if operation is neglected, the help of the surgeon comes usually too late.

"A few years ago nothing also was known as to the cause of malignant tumors in the lower animals," he continued. "But now we know of three tumors of the lower animals closely



CANCER MICROSCOPE

Above is pictured the complex microscope which uses short ultra-violet rays to photograph the microcosms, invisible to the eye even through powerful lenses, which English scientists say are a cause of cancer. This is the type used in the British investigation. Dr. Peyton Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, was a pioneer in the research.

extension of knowledge regarding evolution, has been the announcement that certain British investigators have discovered an ultramicroscopic organism in association with experimental tumors in animals. During the last twenty years, numerous investigators have reported the finding of various bacterial organisms, both those visible under the microscope and the so-called ultramicroscopic variety in association with human cancer. None of the organisms thus far found that have been alleged to be the specific cause of the disease have been confirmed as the actual cause. Indeed, the majority of investigators who are devoting themselves particularly to studies of the cause of cancer believe that the disease is not caused primarily by a bacterial organism, but that it is the result of other factors, chemical or physical, or related to some specific substance within the human cell, not yet determined. At the same time, it seems reasonable to believe that bacterial organisms of various kinds may find cancer tissue a suitable place for their growth within the human body, and may thus modify in various ways the growth and development of the cancer. Some years ago, Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute described an ultramicroscopic organism

associated with parasites. One is a chicken tumor and two are in rats.

"In both of these rat tumors a worm appears to be the cause of the disease. Rats may be 100 per cent. susceptible to either tumor and no tumor results unless the worms are fed to the rats.

"There are other experimental cancers apparently due to the application of certain chemical substances to the surface of animals. These are due to tar, arsenic, anilin and similar substances. Such cancers occur naturally in men and have been produced repeatedly in recent years in experimental animals. Only a portion of the animals become cancerous, altho all are irritated by the applications, and not the whole irritated area in every animal becomes cancerous, but only tiny portions of it here and there. The question is raised whether the irritation is the direct cause, or whether it only paves the way for an organism.

"It is possible to conceive that some stimulus might so disarrange the chromosomes or other substances in certain cells so that all their descendants would be abnormal and destructive to other portions of the body. This is one hypothesis. The other is that a parasite must be closely associated with the tumor in all its forms and stages, otherwise the growth comes again under the physiological control of the body."

The news as given in the daily press, and their current comment on it, vary all the way from caution to the trumpet-note of triumph. Says *The Evening Sun* (Baltimore):

"Dr. Barnard and Dr. Gye have not found a cure for cancer. It seems a little ungracious to lay emphasis on that in view of the great interest and possible importance of the work they have done. But it is necessary to reiterate that they have not found a cure for cancer in order to prevent the rise of false hopes and their inevitable disappointment. The terror of this thing is so heavy upon the world that a hint, a bare suspicion, that a cure has been found is enough to stir thousands to pitiful optimism and more pitiful endeavors to reach the supposed source of the cure."

"Now that the cancer organism has been found," says the *Buffalo Evening Post*, "the final step will be to discover some way of destroying it. It has been found in other germ diseases and ought to be in this. It is a secret that can baffle the medical scientists only for a time." The *Boston Globe* hails the event as "Another Victory" and pronounces: "Inch by inch the science of healing moves forward toward the ultimate conquest of disease." The *Providence News* remarks with relief: "Thus ends a search which every scientist knew must end before cancer could be controlled in any way save by surgery in its early stages." Many papers comment on the fact that Dr. Barnard, one of the discoverers, is connected with a London hat firm; and the *New York Sun* heads one of its articles, "Hatter Aided Cancer Hunt."

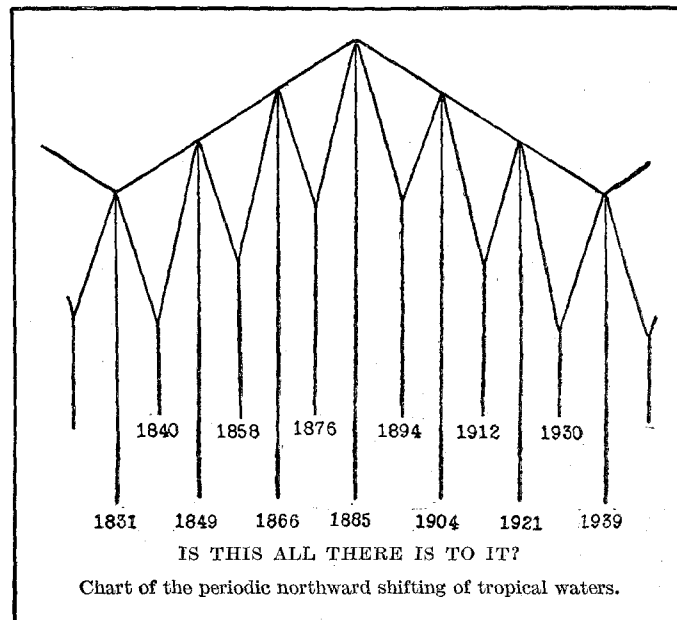
A NEW KIND OF STRIKERS—Strike tactics adopted by a body of professional men mark a new era in the relations of employers and employed. Three hundred engineers in the employ of the city of Chicago started a "three-day vacation" on June 30 as a protest against poor pay. In so doing, says an editorial writer in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York), they came nearer to striking than any considerable group of professional men had ever been. He goes on:

"But they were talking the only language the finance committee of the city council understands. Dignified protests of professional bodies have had no effect on this committee, but it has been consistently open-handed with the labor unions. A show of force may penetrate its official consciousness. There will be those engineers who will deplore this assumption of labor-union tactics, but they need not worry. The Chicago city engineers are not in a union and their 'vacation' has none of the evil connotations of a strike. It was not called by a leader, there was no force used on those who chose to remain at work, it was never intended to continue until the demands were granted. It was a gesture, pure and simple—but experience shows that gestures are frequently effective. Nevertheless it is a significant thing that one group of engineers has at last taken a definite step toward that effective joint and communal action that both labor and management long since took each for itself, to the detriment sometimes of the engineer ground between the nether and the upper millstones."

IS THERE A GULF STREAM?

THE GREAT OCEAN CURRENT called the Gulf Stream is a myth, according to Le Danois, a French oceanographer, who maintains that all the phenomena attributed to it may be better explained by supposing a great seasonal shift of warm tropical waters northward. He supports this thesis in *The Annals of the Oceanographic Institute* (Paris). We translate below an abstract and discussion of his theory contributed by Jacques Remerle to *Savoir* (Paris). Writes Mr. Remerle:

"This proposition is surely calculated to astonish the great public. If the Gulf Stream does not exist, it is the complete overturn of all our knowledge of ocean currents acquired since primary school; it is the negation of all information on the subject contained in our atlases. To deny the Gulf Stream requires, on the other hand, the establishment of a new theory to explain certain indisputable facts, such as the carrying of



objects across the Atlantic, the dispersion toward European coasts of the larvæ of worms born near the Sargasso Sea, and finally the rise of temperature experienced on the coasts of Brittany and Cornwall under the influence of the sea waters.

"Much powerful evidence was necessary to make Mr. Le Danois, who is an oceanographer of ability, doubt the existence of the Gulf Stream. Let us see, first of all, what are the sources of our knowledge of this supposed ocean current, which, coming from the Gulf of Mexico, crosses the Atlantic Ocean from southwest to northeast and finally reaches Northern Europe.

"All the manuals of oceanography tell how the Gulf Stream was observed in ancient times by the inhabitants of Scotland and the Scandinavian countries to which this current brought from America the most varied objects—driftwood, seeds, etc.

"To the illustrious Franklin has been attributed the first representation of the Gulf Stream, on a map now justly celebrated. But if we consult Maury's book on winds and currents, we shall see that the first scientific study of the Gulf Stream was made by the captain of a whaler. This was an investigation without much accuracy. Here is what Maury says of it:

"Franklin consulted a Nantucket whaler, then in London, Captain Folger. He, at the doctor's request, traced on a map the course of the Gulf Stream. The curious thing is that this course, thus traced from memory by the whaling captain, has been kept on our maps up to the present day, without any attempt to correct it."

"Maury took up the investigation with the aid of records on which captains had noted the speed of their voyages, the weather, the wind, the currents and other features. From this assemblage of data was derived our present map of the Gulf Stream. We see it issuing from the Gulf of Mexico at a velocity of six to eight miles an hour, a width of fifty or sixty miles and a thickness of about 3,000 feet. Reaching Newfoundland, its speed has greatly diminished, and at 300 miles to the East is scarcely perceptible. On the other hand, its width has increased to 1,000 miles.

"For the last thirty years innumerable experiments have

been made to find out definitely the direction and extent of the Gulf Stream. Floats of different shapes have been used by the Prince of Monaco. The German Krummel employed other methods. During the war, floating mines were observed.

"Such are the facts on which modern oceanography relies for its knowledge of the course of the Gulf Stream. Mr. Le Danois finds them clearly insufficient. In the first place, the Gulf Stream is by definition a surface current. Now navigators know that every night the temperature of the surface water falls several degrees. As the supposed Gulf Stream flows northward, it is then hard to believe that it may retain its heat from the Gulf of Mexico to Spitzbergen.

"As for the observation of floats, every oceanographer knows that surface waters are influenced by weather conditions. Even objects floating at a slight depth under water obey the winds more than they do the currents.

"Krummel's map is very characteristic from this point of view. Altho a few floats may have crossed the Atlantic, most of them made more complex voyages, doubling on their tracks and even returning to their starting-point, without following any simple law.

"Most of the Prince of Monaco's floats were retrieved at the Azores, not far from where he let them go. A dozen at most reached Ireland, Scotland and Norway.

"As for the floating mines in war-time, launched on the coasts of Europe, they were found to the north of the Azores, that is, along a route absolutely contrary to that of the Gulf Stream.

"The Oceanographic Society of the Gulf of Gascony having sent out floats from Arcachon, found them not on the coast of La Rochelle or Lorient as expected, but near Lisbon. In fine, if we relied on these experiments and observations, we should be led to imagine an inverse Gulf Stream, leading from North to South, and from European coasts to the Azores.

"Let us now see what theory Mr. Le Danois proposes as a consequence of his cruises in the Gulf of Gascony in 1921, '22 and '23.

"We must go back to geologic times to understand that the present Atlantic Ocean contains two kinds of waters, absolutely different and never mixing. One kind is warm and very salt; it occupies the center of the ocean in equatorial regions. The other is cold and of inferior salinity. There are, in fact, equatorial waters and arctic waters.

"The equatorial waters do not remain in tropical regions. They are yearly displaced toward the north, and then retire to their starting-point. The phenomenon is comparable to an immense tide. This movement causes: (1) an accentuation of the ordinary tides; (2) a rise of temperature in water and air along the coasts of Northern Europe; (3) fluctuations in the appearance of migratory fish, such as the herring and the sardine.

"Now these facts seem to have been well substantiated, the run of herring, for instance, may be predicted along its chief lines, by reference to the periodic rhythm of the ocean movements, several years in advance.

"It may be easily seen what service may be rendered to the fisheries by a study of the summer oceanic movements. Charts like the one herewith reproduced, indicate, for example, what limits were reached by the warm salt water. It is evident that the shifting of the ocean waters is able to carry with it floats and to imitate a real ocean current. Let us not forget, nevertheless—and we must thank Mr. Le Danois for calling our attention to it—that the shifting is seasonal, beginning in April and ending in September. It does not last all the year. It is not then an ocean current of constant direction. In winter its direction is reversed, being from north to south and the warm salt water then returns to the starting-point whence it set out in the previous spring."

MAKE AMERICA SAFE FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

THERE APPEARS TO BE NEED of such a slogan as that, to judge from the statistics presented in epitome by The American Child Health Association, as recorded in the *Weekly Bulletin* of the California State Board of Health (Sacramento), where we read:

"One newspaper is quoted as stating that the most important happening in this country last year was the birth of 2,000,000 children.

"How many of them lived? This is not known accurately, because there remain eighteen States whose registration of births is so incomplete as to exclude them from the birth registration area. Of the thirty States in this country within the registration area, one child in every thirteen born dies during its first year. If the same ratio applies to the States whose birth registration is incomplete we have a total loss of 190,000 American children a year.

"That is startling, but it is a long way from the day when parents were considered fortunate if they were able to bring up two out of every three of their children.

"Still, it leaves us behind five other nations, including New Zealand, the best off of all countries which keep books on their greatest asset. New Zealand loses only one in twenty of its children during the first year.

"But there are things almost as bad as death. There are children unfitted or not half-fitted for life. And there are hordes of them just enough handicapped physically or mentally to be drawn into the ranks of those who may labor long but receive little happiness or substance.

"Here are some of the handi-

caps (the figures may be taken as approximately correct):

"Studies made in many communities indicate that millions of American school children suffer from malnutrition or physical defects, most of which can be prevented and many of which can be corrected.

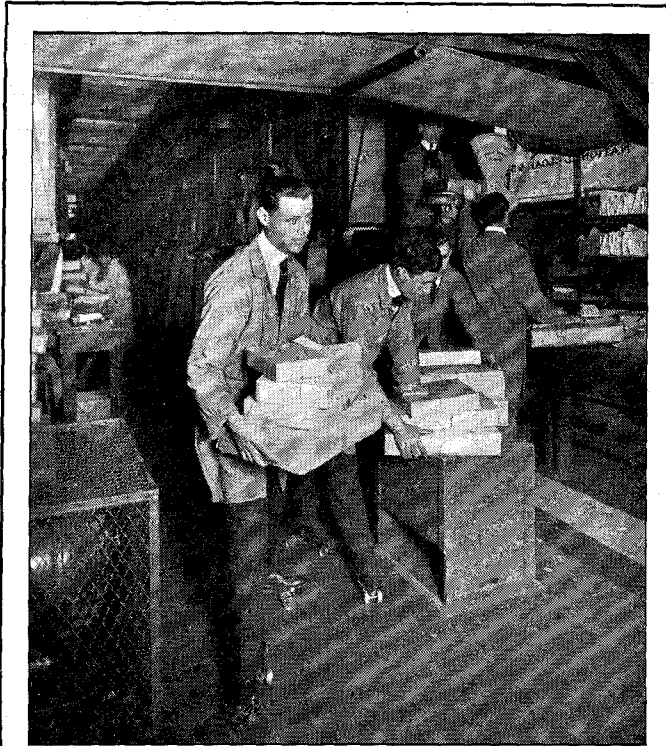
"They range from 75 per cent. with dental defects, to one-half of one per cent. with organic heart trouble. In between come those with tuberculosis, defects of vision, etc.

Then, as to mothers:

"According to the United States Census Bureau, 17,800 women in the United States of America died from conditions caused by childbirth in 1919. In 1920 the rate rose to eight per 1,000. In Italy, crowded as she is, only five mothers die per 1,000.

"Sixteen nations have a lower death rate for mothers in childbirth than we have."

PUTTING FACTORIES ON SKATES—Rollers for both men and equipment are lightening the work of the modern industrial plant, we learn from *Factory* (New York). Light machines, caster-mounted and motor-driven, are wheeled to the point where they are most needed. Material is fed from portable mounting directly into the machines, thus avoiding unnecessary handling. Packages in the shipping department are rapidly handled by boys on roller skates. Even the plant library is on wheels, and in a traveling bookcase visits each department at regular intervals. Further information is given with the pictures, which form an article by themselves in *Factory*, without further accompaniment of text.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Factory* (Chicago)

IT'S FASTER THAN WALKING

Packages are handled more rapidly in this shipping department now that roller skates have been adopted.

THE GREAT UNDERTOW MYSTERY

THE UNDERTOW'S EXISTENCE, laughed out of court by Professor Davis of Harvard, as recently quoted in these columns, is vigorously upheld by various correspondents in *Science* (New York). For example, Wallace Craig writes thus from the Biophysics Laboratory of the Harvard Medical School:

"People who have had long experience in bathing in Lake Michigan state—and they state correctly—that there are, at certain times and places, currents which may carry a swimmer away from shore, and therefore put him in danger of drowning. The bathers speak of such currents as 'undertow.' Prof. Walter C. Jones writes that the undertow is a myth, and he gives the impression that there are no currents dangerous to bathers in Lake Michigan. It is possible that some reader who trusts this impression and acts upon it may be drowned in consequence. Therefore I write to state that there are dangerous currents in Lake Michigan and that they are the currents which the bathers (correctly or incorrectly) name 'undertow.'"

"The fact that Professor Jones never encountered such a current is not at all surprising. It simply means that he never swam in the lake under the special conditions of time and place under which the current comes into existence. Shore currents in general are local and variable phenomena; that very fact makes them dangerous."

Another writer, M. I. Brant, agrees in general with Professor Davis, altho challenging his statement that there can be no "undertow" in a pocket beach without an offshore wind. Of an experience of his own, he writes:

"In the main the 'undertow' was not an undertow. The troughs all ran outward, and if there was a conflict of currents in the breakers, it was not noticeable."

"The fact is, tho, that 'undertows' are believed in a thousand miles from the ocean. Whenever somebody strangles in a fresh-water mill-pond, there is some newspaper reporter to characterize it as the work of a mysterious undertow."

"The combination of powerful breakers and a bottomless trough can be quite uncomfortable without any actual undertow, but in the case I have described I found that the bad feature was the light specific gravity of the breaker after it had begun to froth. A swimmer breathes out through his nose, or holds his breath, by exerting pressure from his lungs slightly greater than, or equal to, the pressure of the water in his nostrils. Meeting the accustomed pressure becomes as natural, and as automatic, as breathing in the air. I found that in the frothy breakers I breathed out too fast, with the result that I kept gulping salt water. Let me emphasize that ability to control the breath is far and away the most important factor in dealing with tumultuous water. Without it, swimming ability is next to worthless."

There is really an undertow, altho that is a bad name for it, thinks M. P. Hite of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Mr. Hite believes that the flat sandy beaches of our Atlantic Coast have a menace for bathers known by "a grossly misleading term." He says:

"This menace is elusive, for it varies widely in violence and at times is entirely absent so that even some scientists suspect it to be a myth. Generally speaking, it is real when a wind is blowing onshore and within an hour or so, either way, of high tide."

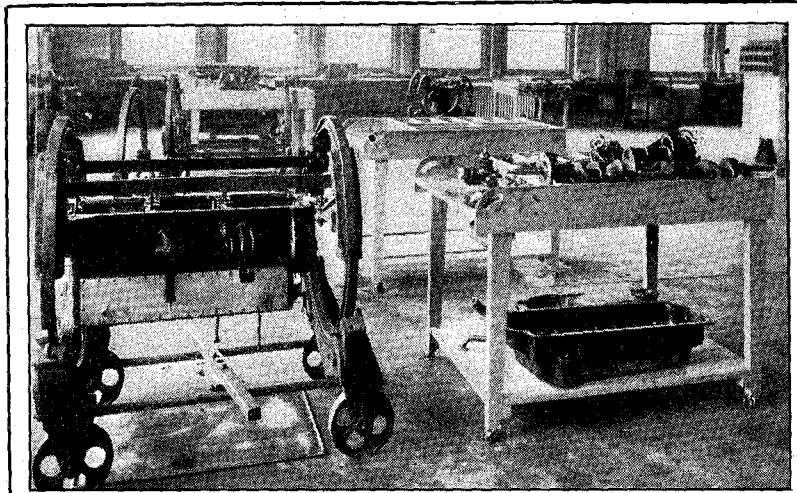
"Waves are of two kinds—'oscillation' and 'translation.' Deep-water waves are of the oscillation type, in which the water undulates but does not move forward. When this type reaches shoal water it changes and becomes the translation type in which the water itself is carried forward with the wave. Under favorable conditions these waters 'heap up' and fill this basin to overflowing. Obviously there must be an escape for these heaped-up waters and the misnamed 'undertow' is their method and means of escape. Low points form in the outer bar and widen and deepen until a sort of river appears every few hundred feet along the beach. This is the misnamed 'undertow,' the heaped-up waters, carried shoreward by wind and wave, escaping back to the sea."

Professor Davis contributes the following comments, among others:

"Mr. Brant misunderstands me if he thinks I am not 'willing to concede' the existence of any current, surface or elsewhere; such currents are well attested by observation; for example, the general seaward surface drift that he describes as occurring for a time in a bay on the California coast; but such a current appears to be quite different from a possible 'undertow,' either there or elsewhere."

The difficulty in the undertow problem, he

says in conclusion, lies in the fragmentary nature of the facts.



A "TEA-WAGON" APPLICATION IN THE PLANT

Tables mounted on casters have a well-earned place in many factories. Notice the hand-holes cut in the sides of this one to facilitate moving from place to place.

IS THE "MISSING LINK" ONLY AN APE?

THAT THE "MISSING LINK" is still missing, and that the skull recently discovered in South Africa by Prof. Raymond Dart, of Witwatersrand University, is definitely that of an ape, such as live to-day, is asserted by Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, a recognized authority on prehistoric man, in a letter to *Nature*. In expressing this opinion, after seeing casts of the skull, Sir Arthur differs with Professor Dart, who described it as representing "an extinct race of apes, intermediate between living anthropoids and man." Sir Arthur is thus quoted in *Science Service's Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"This claim is preposterous. The skull is that of a young anthropoid ape, and showing so many points of affinity with the two living African anthropoids, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, that there can not be a moment's hesitation in placing the fossil form in this living group. It is true that it shows in the development of its jaws and face a refinement which is not met with in young gorillas and chimpanzees at a corresponding age. In these respects it does show humanlike traits. It is true that it is markedly narrow-headed while the other African anthropoids are broad-headed, but we find the same kind of difference in human beings of closely allied races. Professor Dart claimed that the brain showed certain definite human traits. This depends on whether or not he correctly identified the position of a certain fissure of the brain. When we examine the brain cast at the supposed site of the fissure we find only a broken surface where identification becomes a matter of guess-work."

Sir Arthur believes, however, that the skull is prehistoric, and that its owner lived in the Pleistocene period, a million years ago, and that it throws light on the history of the anthropoid apes, but not of man. "Java man (*Pithecanthropus*)," he concludes, "still remains the only known link between man and ape, and this extinct type lies on the human side of the gap."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AMERICA HELPING ANCIENT GREECE TO THE LIGHT

THE GREEK WORLD of the ancients is slowly emerging from its grave. Almost every day brings word of some new discovery; but while many of these are fortuitous, the latest of which we hear is a combined effort of forty American colleges to uncover a huge stretch of ground in the city of Athens.

of stone. The tenants will all move out and be reimbursed for their property. We shall estimate the entire cost of the work before we attempt to raise funds."

The spot to be excavated covers about fifteen or twenty city blocks in the older part of Athens to the north and east of the Acropolis. Public buildings and temples are buried there and no effort has ever been made to unearth them. The prospect is most alluring:

"Many documents, of which the lines of inscriptions on the Acropolis form only a part, will be revealed for the first time. The ancient Painted Atoa, where the School of Philosophers was inaugurated, and an open market place, with buildings surrounding it, formerly stood within the territory now to be explored.

"Only one fragment of it has ever been disturbed. When the subway which connects Athens with its port was dug, the tunnel went through a portion of the old city which is now to be reclaimed. Much of it is on the slope of a hill and is land which has been occupied since Athens was first founded.

"All research in Greece has heretofore been conducted by the Greek Archeological Society, a part of the Greek Government. But in its lack of money the Government was forced to turn elsewhere, and, we were given the glorious opportunity.

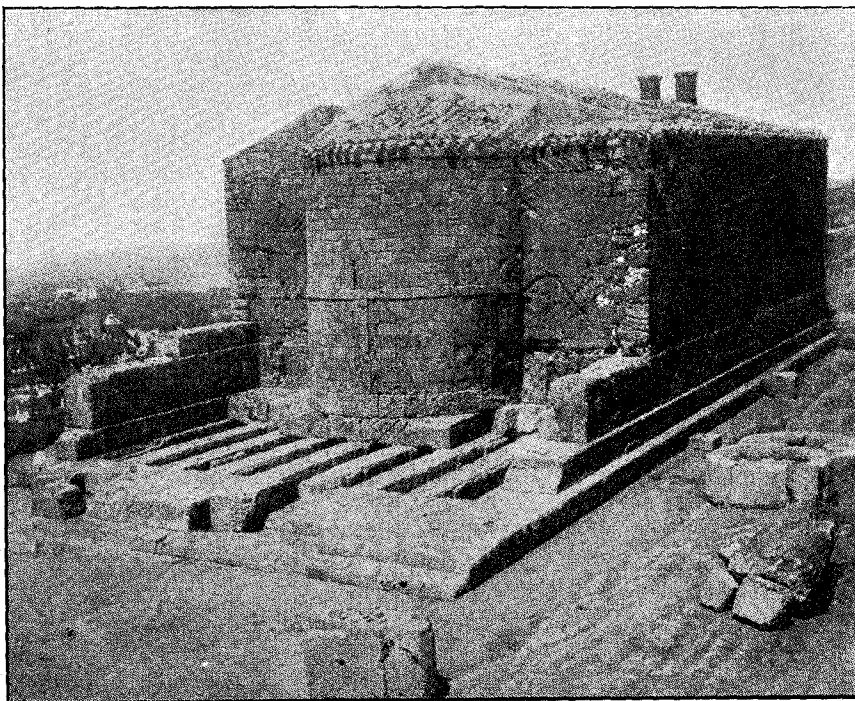
"We shall spend the next two years in mapping the territory and getting our men and money together. If the amount of money placed at our disposal warrants, we shall leave standing everything we unearth and restore it as far as possible to its original state. After the work is completed the restored area will be dedicated to the Greek Government as a public park and museum.

The privilege of making copies of anything of value will be America's. Under the Greek law no original can be exported.

"As our work progresses we expect a great revival of classical study and learning. Illumination will be thrown on religion and history that will influence scholarly thought throughout the world. It is a challenge to us to get the work started as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be completed."

Athens, not to be behindhand in rescuing from oblivion and decay the remains of her glorious past, has begun the restoration of a part of the Parthenon. Of this we gave an account in a recent issue of *THE LITERARY DIGEST*. But she has a long way to go to overtake the efforts made in other countries to reveal the life of her colonists. Sicily has long been famous for its remains of Greek temples, more in number than are to be found in Greece herself. Last spring, by means of funds generously furnished by an Englishman, Capt. Alexander Hardecastle, who owns a villa in Girgenti, an archaic sanctuary was revealed immured in the Norman Church of St. Biagio in that city on the south coast of Sicily. An account of this appears in *The Illustrated London News*, written by Mrs. A. M. Austin:

"An old road cut in the rock, and bearing the traces of ancient chariot-wheels still visible for about a hundred yards, leads from the plain of Girgenti to the spot where the ancients planted a



Photographs by Mrs. A. M. Austin in *The Illustrated London News*

SICILY'S OLDEST SACRED BUILDING

But the foundations only remain, here seen supporting the Norman Church of San Biagio at Girgenti. The temple was devoted to the worship of Demeter and Persephone.

It is nothing to them to ask people to move out that their houses may be torn down and cleared away to uncover the hidden remains of classic days. A million dollars will be required to pay for these demolished buildings, after which \$50,000 a year will be needed for the work of excavation—twenty to thirty feet beneath the present surface. The Greek Government, too burdened with the costs of other affairs, has given this project to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens with which the colleges are affiliated. The Chairman of the Board of Managers is Prof. Edward Capps, head of the Greek department of Princeton University and former Minister to Greece. In the *New York Times* he outlines the scope of the work to be undertaken:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work. It should result in even more important disclosures concerning classical civilization, history and art than resulted from the excavations at Pompeii, as Athens was of far greater importance than Pompeii. It is not too much to say that our ideas may be revolutionized.

"Because of the interest of the American educational institutions affiliated with the School of Classical Studies at Athens, I have no doubt that the money necessary for the work can be raised. We shall begin at once to make surveys, and I hope that the actual work of digging can begin by 1927.

"Many of the buildings upon the ground we shall explore are

great artificial platform, digging on the inner side into the steep face of the rock, and on the outer upholding it with great supporting walls. Here, on this site, dominating the neighboring valleys and the sea, they erected their sanctuary.

"The temple is of the simplest form—a rectangular cell, 30 meters (about 100 ft.) long, and 14 meters (about 45 ft.) wide, without columns, with a wide doorway looking toward the east, flanked by stout pilasters (*antæ*) and approached by three steps. It is entirely lacking in the decorative elements which became essential at a later date. (The frieze of metopes and triglyphs is an example.) In it we see the oldest sacred building erected in the city after the foundation of the Greek colony, destined to become in a short time the rich and magnificent Akragas, to whose splendors the fragments of mighty temples and a wide field of ruins still bear witness.

"The sanctuary is not situated, like all the other buildings, in the lower part of the city, looking directly out upon the sea, but on a mountain rocky and difficult of access, where the first nucleus of the colonists gathered for safety, before proceeding to the construction of their city on the plain below."

Fragments of pottery found on the spot give evidence that the building can be dated back as far as the sixth century B. C.

"All this evidence allows us to determine the attribution of the temple, on the subject of which various hypotheses have been put forward, but upon which only the excavations can confidently pronounce. The votive lamps of the particular form found here are peculiar to the chthonic deities, and especially to Demeter and Persephone; and the great number of them massed around the altar suggest that it was precisely these divinities that were venerated in the most ancient sanctuary of Akragas.

"Other objects which were excavated, and attest the great antiquity of the sanctuary, were a fragment of the rim of a large terra-cotta platter, decorated with a frieze of racing chariots and Victories, dating back to the first half of the sixth century B. C.; other clay busts of women, and terra-cotta heads of various periods."

A COLONIAL'S "RIMA"—Almost the last word seems to be said about the Epstein memorial to W. H. Hudson, set up in Hyde Park to the dismay of half London. We have reported how hated and loved the sculpture is. But before dismissing the subject, space is given in the *London Morning Post* to the words of a "rough colonial," as he describes himself. And it would seem that if there is a "last word" his might be the one. He signs himself "H. B.":

"I arrived in London four days ago. Seventy-odd years ago my grandmother was born while her father sat outside the one-roomed shack, with a gun across his knees. My granduncle was a missionary, and he was eaten by cannibals.

"We don't have much time to pursue culture out there.

"In Australia, Africa, and New Zealand, they are still conquering distance, mountains, and rivers. The struggle is keen, and we are too tired to read philosophy. We are philosophers instead.

"I went to see Rima, whom Epstein has created in Hyde Park.

"She is not the goddess of this subdued earth and air of England. She is not the goddess of the quiet Sussex downs, the subdued birds whom England knows.

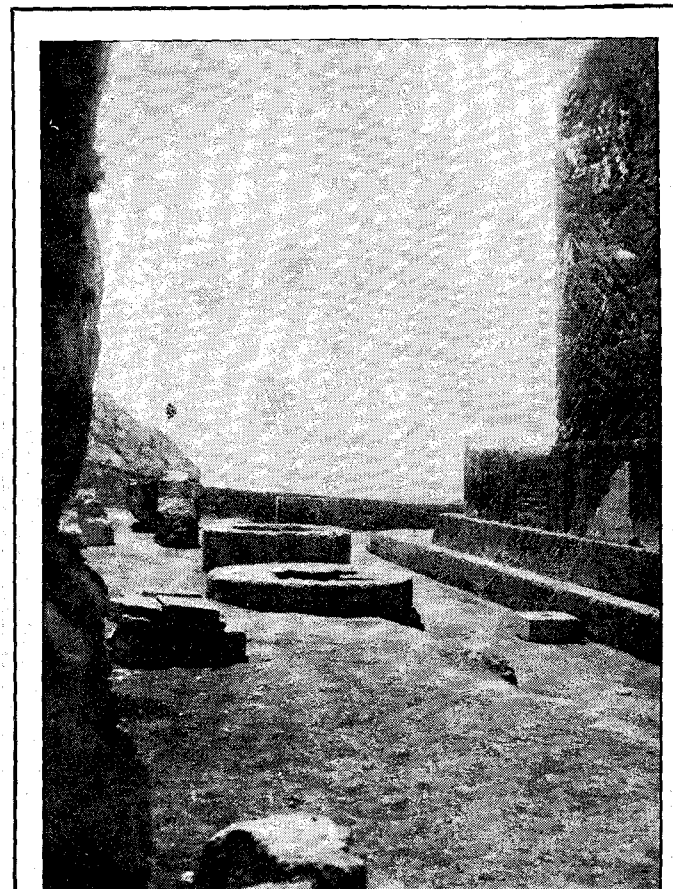
"This Rima is the goddess of the vast open country of which you in England only read. You can not see your twittering sparrows and sophisticated hedge birds in this monument. So you revolt.

"But the harsh colonial, with his broad, crude accents and his hard hands, sees gaunt African hills, giant birds of the South, cruel eagles and the greater drama of nature in the sculpture before which you are all creating a tornado.

"I love England when it is England. But English people insist on imagining it is the world. Nature is subdued in England. She is alive, virile, and unchained in the South, where great lonely birds hover against the blue, as terrible and sinister of beak as these Epstein has carved. There you'll find Rima; and Rima Epstein gives you. In the South Island of New Zealand the keas come down and rip the backs of the lambs open and devour the kidneys, while the white woolly things are still half alive. The birds there are cruel. Perhaps Epstein, in his un-English way, has made the goddess of the bird world out to be a universal figure and not essentially English. In that lies the mistake by which he has offended you."

"RECORDS" OF A TRAGEDY

O'NEILL'S PLAY IS BUSY collecting records. "Desire Under the Elms" has been forbidden a London production by the British censor, perhaps the first time such a distinction has been given an American play in the British capital. In New York the play is well past its three hundredth



TWO ROUND ALTARS

The higher one for blood offerings, standing between the wall of the temple of Demeter at Girgenti and the mountain.

performance, tho there are said to be other American centers which would follow London rather than New York. Such a situation makes the history of this play noteworthy, even tho its theme and character, which is a treatment of adultery and murder, render the play abhorrent to many sensitive natures. The play is a tragedy ending in gloom, and all the commercial traditions of the theater are set at naught by its triumph over what has been called the impossible. "The sight of a play with tragic doom as a theme running thirty-six weeks on Broadway," says the *New York Herald Tribune*, "is viewed by commercial producers with an emotion akin to consternation." The manager's view is considered first:

"It has long been the theory of the producers who divide their attentions between art and the box-office in equal measure that no tragedy could flourish in New York for more than fifteen weeks, and in their arguments they advanced as testimony 'Hamlet' and all plays of that general type. To insure a long run and stimulating grosses the play must have a sentimental ending, justice and virtue must emerge triumphant not later than 10:40, and the audience must leave the theater in high good humor.

"The experimental theater groups—only the producers call them radical rather than experimental—might tinker with tragedies. It was, in their opinion, more or less the divine prerogative of these dramatists in the embryo to employ tragedy as a gesture. They cited Galsworthy's 'Justice,' 'John Ferguson,' St. John Ervine's play which had a truly notable run, 'The Jest,' 'Redemption' and Lulu Vollmer's 'Sunup' as instances of exceptional tragedies, expertly equipped and acted, that could

not excite a popular response over any such period as 300 performances.

"As evidence to support their theory they offered, too, the plays of Eugene O'Neill himself. 'The Emperor Jones,' 'The Hairy Ape,' 'Beyond the Horizon,' not one of these endured for more than twenty weeks. The audience for the tragedy, either native or foreign, is too limited, has been their contention. It is made up of the radicals, the supersensitive and superintelligent. Just as the magazine editors reject the manuscript with a tragic finish, regardless of its merit, so, too, have the producers cast a wary eye on that play which does not see its final curtain descend upon a scene of revived hopes, wrongs righted, and piety triumphant."

The success of the play is not considered due to its somewhat perilous encounters with constituted authority. It crept rather slowly toward success, and has held its place by some subtle appeal that seems to be not well understood. The above writer continues:

"'Desire' was produced in the Greenwich Village Theater on November 11 last. It immediately aroused wide discussion, but it was not until it had played for eight weeks on Christopher Street and moved to the Earl Carroll Theater that it began to play to capacity audiences. The wrath of the District Attorney directed against 'Desire' did accentuate the business of the O'Neill play, but it can not be said in any sense that Mr. Banton's pronouncement was the stroke that established the vogue of 'Desire.' The play was a solid hit long before it aroused the suspicion of Banton.

"Nor has 'Desire Under the Elms,' since moved to a third theater, the George M. Cohan, lived on the reputation it gained through its duel with the law. In its advertising, 'Desire' has followed a dignified course, and no attempt has ever been made by its producers to realize on the publicity the play received through the judgments of the Play Jury. Its audiences, for the most part, are made up of people with a genuine admiration for the character and accuracy of the play. Its realism has in no sense proved a deterrent to its popularity.

"Prest for an opinion, any Broadway producer would have given 'Desire Under the Elms' a twenty-week run, and that would have been a liberal estimate. The O'Neill play has now established a new long-run record for a tragedy in America. Altho statistics are not available, it is believed that 'Desire's' run compares favorably in length with any registered by any tragedy at any time anywhere.

"'Desire' has definitely established Eugene O'Neill as America's foremost writer of tragedy. His reputation in this field is now international. He is represented, and he is the only American who is represented, in the repertory of the Pirandello Theater, Rome, and his plays have frequent presentations in London."

The San Francisco *Bulletin* takes cognizance of the act of the British censor, and writes rather in approval, when it says that "it is to be doubted whether the play in question would be permitted in quite a number of American cities. It certainly could not be shown as a film in Philadelphia." The California view contains some vitriol:

"O'Neill is a master of his craft. Some of his work compares more than favorably with the best drama now being written anywhere, but in 'Desire Under the Elms' he has out-Ibsened Ibsen and presented a series of situations that, however true to life, are not merely offensive; they are repulsive. The story

belongs to criminal records rather than to dramatic literature. Not that crime may not be a legitimate theme of the stage. Without murder there would have been very few of the masterpieces of tragedy, but murder is the most respectable of the offenses in this play. It is filled with lust in its most degraded form, and the theme is as repellent as that of 'The Cenai.' It is brutal realism, and in censoring it the British authorities are sparing the British public a misconception of American life. This much must be patent to all that have read the play and regretted that the one unmistakably authentic genius in our native drama should have gone beyond the decencies in exhibiting his undoubted dramatic powers."

ABOLISHING BILLBOARDS—Some applause is found for the new legal steps taken in Maine to banish billboards from her

highways. But the *Providence News* is not among those helping on the claque. In fact its voice is a little dubious:

"Similar laws have been passed before by other States, but they have been far from effective. It is the old story of trying to enforce laws that go too far. Other States have passed regulatory laws on the subject that seem to have met with some success.

"The noise created by the defacement of the country with billboards has caused many national advertisers to use more discretion than they once employed in the character and placing of their highway advertising.

It is said that some of them found their advertisements were hurting rather than helping them. If that is so, others will some time follow their example. Intelligent self-interest is always a potent reason for the adoption of reforms.

"There are points on almost every highway where the placing of an artistically designed billboard does no harm, and if only they could be kept to such spots their presence would not be objectionable. We are not surprised that a State like Maine, which derives such material benefit from the tourists its natural beauty attracts, should have risen in its wrath against all billboards. But we doubt whether it will be able to make its law work against the powerful influences likely to attack it."

VIGEE-LEBRUN—The past did not produce a vast number of women painters, but one of those who achieved more than ordinary distinction was the artist of the present cover, who bore the name of Marie Ann Louise Elizabeth Vigee-Lebrun. She was born in Paris in 1755 and lived to the age of eighty-seven. She was largely influenced in her art by the painter Greuze whom modern taste considers somewhat saccharine. The second half of her name she derived from what the "New International Encyclopedia" calls "an unfortunate marriage with the painter and art critic, Jean B. P. Lebrun, a spendthrift and a man much older than herself." She became a member of the French Académie des Beaux-Arts and figured as painter in ordinary to Marie Antoinette. She executed as many as thirty portraits of the unfortunate queen. She fled from France during the Revolution and thereafter pursued a sort of itinerary of European countries including England. In this she does not represent the instinctive French tendency to remain at home. The cover is a



A CLAY BUST OF A WOMAN WITH HER HAIR IN LONG PLAITS



A BUST WITH HAIR IN SICILIAN STYLE, LATER THAN THE ART OF PHIDIAS

HAIR-DRESSING IN EARLY AKRAGAS (GIRGENTI)

reproduction of what is regarded as perhaps the best of her work and represents herself and her daughter. It is now in the possession of the French Government and hangs in the Louvre. Its qualities are observable in most of her other work, a natural, easy pose, careful in finish, academic drawing, and pleasing color. One of her works is to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and is a portrait of the Marquise de Laborde.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LITERATURE

IN PATCHED TROUSERS AND A BROKEN HAT, a poor boy named Charles Willis Thompson went to hear Thomas G. Shearman, then famous as an economist. A good many years have since passed, but Thompson, now a journalist and author, recalls word for word a sentence or two from that lecture. "You may think," said Shearman, "that in my solemn way I am trying to joke. But you are mistaken. In my joking way I am trying to be solemn." Evidently those sentences made a great impression, for Mr. Thompson quotes them in an article, contributed to *The Oracle*—an article in which he reveals the secret of success in literature. Like Shearman, he is joking solemnly. "The advice given is good," he says. "If you are bent on success, here is the way to it. Of course, if you have a literary conscience, that is a different matter, and my advice to you is worthless. Don't take it, in that case; and you will not succeed." Success, according to Mr. Thompson, depends on strict obedience to a few simple rules:

"First and most important, take yourself very seriously. This is essential if you have no talent whatever, but it is necessary in any case.

"Your chances of success as an author will be greatly improved if you cultivate introspection. The younger and less experienced you are, the more important are the deep thoughts and emotions which infest your innards. Fish for them, drag them out, and spread them all naked and quivering before those who you think are going to be your readers. If you are extremely young, dig up all the wild impulses and the dirty imaginings and imbue those whom you call your 'characters' with them. It is true that in ordinary human life these things pass away with maturity, and that the remaining two-thirds or three-fourths of a normal existence are preoccupied with other subjects. No matter; if you follow my advice in this the critics, most of whom are also young—some of them permanently so—will say that you have depicted life with true realism.

"In writing stories, and especially plays or screen scenarios, be sure that there is a love interest, even if you have to lasso it and drag it in by main strength . . . If you can, stick to the doctrine that men's acts are controlled by their love for some woman, in the face of the fact that this is the least of the motives which dictate the conduct of men. If you don't follow my advice in this respect, the editors will make you; for they rightly if somewhat commercially argue that women readers want a 'love interest,' and that it is more important to please the women than the men. Never mind about 'Treasure Island,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'David Copperfield' (in which *David's* love is the least matter in the book), 'The Three Musketeers,' or any other of the great and permanent novels which rest men's conduct on the really controlling motives; you are not writing for the editors who published those books, you are writing for the editors of to-day."

Another of Mr. Thompson's rules requires your story to end unhappily. As he explains,

"The reason for this is that the novelists who preceded this generation usually made their stories end happily; and change,

no matter in what direction, forward or backward, must necessarily be an improvement. Make the surroundings and the story as drab and disagreeable as possible throughout; for instance, the picture of a family of predestined degenerates is almost a sure-fire hit. Your readers will have a most uncomfortable time reading it, but the critics will assure them that this is a true picture of life as it is, despite the fact that it is a warped picture of life as it generally isn't; and your readers will therefore be ashamed to admit that they didn't enjoy it, and tell their friends that they really must read this great new story by that mistress of analysis, Ruth Suckow.

"If you write about life on a farm, make it appear that it is a dreadful thing; that the truly-rurals are all morons in the grip of a sordid destiny. In writing realistically, you must remember the one great rule, which is to shun all realities. If you write about the war, or about war in general, give, if possible, the impression that soldiers are either brutes or pacifists, and fill them with sullen resentment. Pay no attention to the soldiers whom you have met who seem to be a cheery lot and to have enjoyed greatly their life in the Army."

The aspirant for success in literature "must not neglect the Russians." Says Mr. Thompson:

"All the Russians I have ever known were just like other people, tho perhaps a shade more volatile and cheerful than most. But let not that hamper you; in literature the Russian must be either bestial or tragic, and you must always remember that it is not facts but literature that you are writing.

"Immigrants preoccupy the modern literary mind a good deal. The word connotes sorrow, depression, crime, and doom. Keep your mind resolutely away from the laughing little Italian or the ironical and businesslike Greek on your corner; he lives, and therefore does not belong in a novel of 'life.' If you permit yourself to think of him it will spoil your story. The same thing

holds good with stories of the poor or of laboring men.

"I was a poor boy and lived among poor boys and since I have grown up I have known many other poor people; and many workingmen, some poor and some—prominent in their unions, of course—who were not poor at all, but much better off than I was or am. I had a pretty good time, as a poor boy, and those I have known since don't seem to spend much more time brooding over their terrible destiny than did, for instance, Al Smith, when he was selling fish or driving a truck. But again I implore you to remember that life and realism are two different things, diametrically opposed, and that what you have got to do is to sell your stuff."

As Mr. Thompson asserts, "The novel of the social problem must always have a socialistic slant." He also adds a parting injunction regarding "youth" as a literary motif. As for Socialism:

"It will be very popular among readers who, in their own lives, are violently opposed to Socialism. It should be searching and scornful, and always written from the standpoint of the downtrodden victim of capitalism; other people, according to the modern formula, are not a part of 'life' and are not entitled to the presentation of their view-point, except for the purposes of confutation.

"The best, most zestful, most enjoyable part of a man's life is lived after he is thirty. But that can not be intimated in a modern novel, partly because so many of our novelists are under that age and don't know anything about it, but chiefly because of the ancient conviction that youth is the heroic age and that after that is over all is dust and ashes. Gareth Garrett, quite curiously, has succeeded in painting middle age as it is, the life of real adventure, and stirring and conquering age. And, for some reason, the critics have inconsistently approved him. But don't let that influence you; editors generally won't stand for it, and it is a mystery how Garrett and his manuscript got past the office-boy."



EVIDENCE OF THE TEMPLE'S GREAT ANTIQUITY

A rim fragment of a terra-cotta platter, with a frieze of racing chariots and victories, dating from the sixth century B.C.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

NO SURRENDER FOR BAPTIST FUNDAMENTALISTS

THE OLD GUARD OF FUNDAMENTALISM in the Northern Baptist Convention may die, but it does not surrender. Tho defeated on several important questions which came before the convention recently concluded in Seattle, Washington, the Catos who make up the Baptist Bible Union, if we may change the simile, announce that Modernism must be destroyed. Like the Roman of old, they will reiterate that determination until it becomes Modernism's funeral dirge. The Rev. J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas, one of the most militant leaders of the Fundamentalists, announced, we read in press reports, that "the action of the Northern Baptist Convention does not do anything to settle the controversy between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists." Through the Baptist Bible Union, he said, the Fundamentalists "will immediately organize to carry on the fight for the fundamentals of the denomination in every Baptist Church in the convention, and will carry it to the convention at Washington." Dr. W. B. Riley, of Minneapolis, we read in one of the dispatches, announced that organizations to present anti-evolution laws similar to the Tennessee statute for consideration by State legislatures have been formed in Minnesota, California and Oregon. He said these laws would be sought on the ground that evolution has not

yet been approved by science and added that the societies are sponsored by Fundamentalists of all denominations.

No time is being lost. The Fundamentalist forces were rallied and groomed for what was declared a "Baptist war of emancipation" at a meeting at the First Presbyterian Church in Seattle under the auspices of the Baptist Bible Union. To a dramatic appeal by the Rev. J. Frank Norris for support of historic Baptist beliefs as against the "Rockefeller-Fosdick conspiracy," writes a reporter of the *Seattle Times*, the Rev. Dr. M. A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, added a plea for uncompromising belligerency against the attempt to substitute a "natural" for a "supernatural" religion. He declared he had nothing but "supreme contempt for a pacifist," either in religion or politics, and urged the Fundamentalists to hew to the line even tho they may be defeated. The platform presented to the meeting declares for a continuance of the fight year after year until the final battle is won and "the Jonah of mammonized modernism" is thrown overboard. It is proclaimed that if such

reforms as the Union proposes are not effected the first time they are submitted "they will be submitted again and again at succeeding conventions." Reciting that the Baptist Bible Union "was organized to preserve the Baptist denomination, and not to destroy it," the platform goes on:

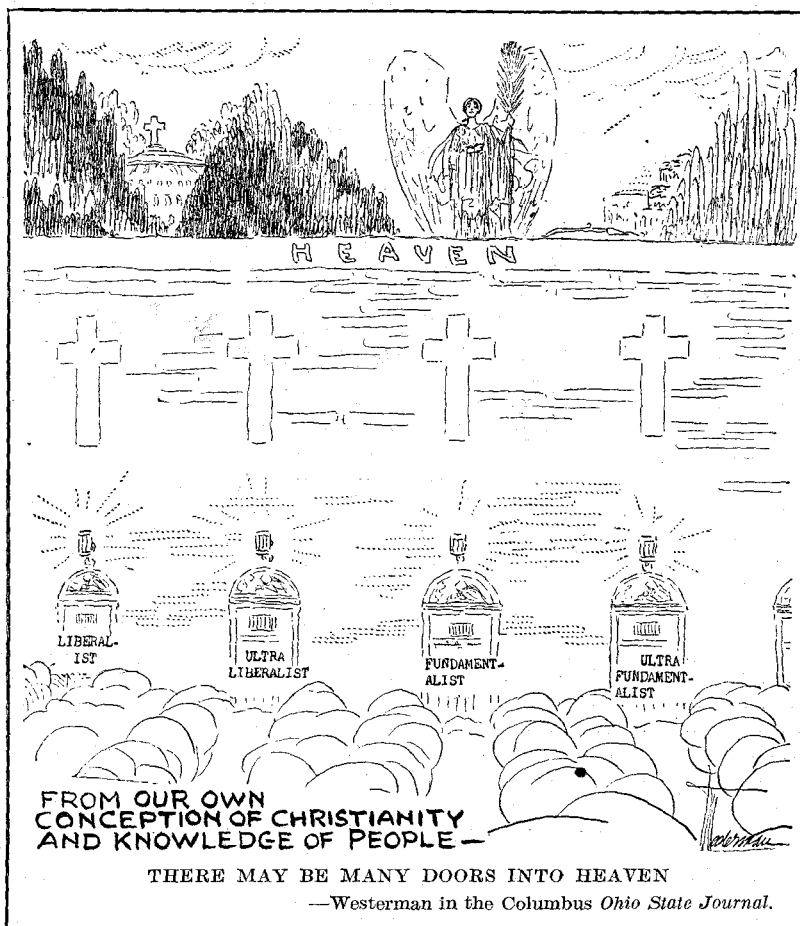
"The Baptist Bible Union recognizes in the Rockefeller influence in the Baptist denomination a power which will allow neither Baptist faith nor Baptist practise to stand in the way of the accomplishment of its obvious purpose to reduce the whole denomination to a well-oiled political machine, in which professors and denominational secretaries and all other beneficiaries of its funds shall be subject to its direction.

"The proposal to organize another foreign mission society must not be interpreted as a first step toward separation from the Baptist denomination; but rather as a movement which will provide Baptists with an opportunity to invest their time, their prayers and their money in a mission enterprise which shall be based upon the whole Bible. But the Baptist Bible Union will use its influence to the utmost to persuade all its members to continue in the denomination, and unceasingly to fight for its purification. Like the crew of the ship of Tarshish on a stormy sea, the Baptist Bible Union, with other Baptist Fundamentalists, have rowed hard to bring the denominational ship to land.

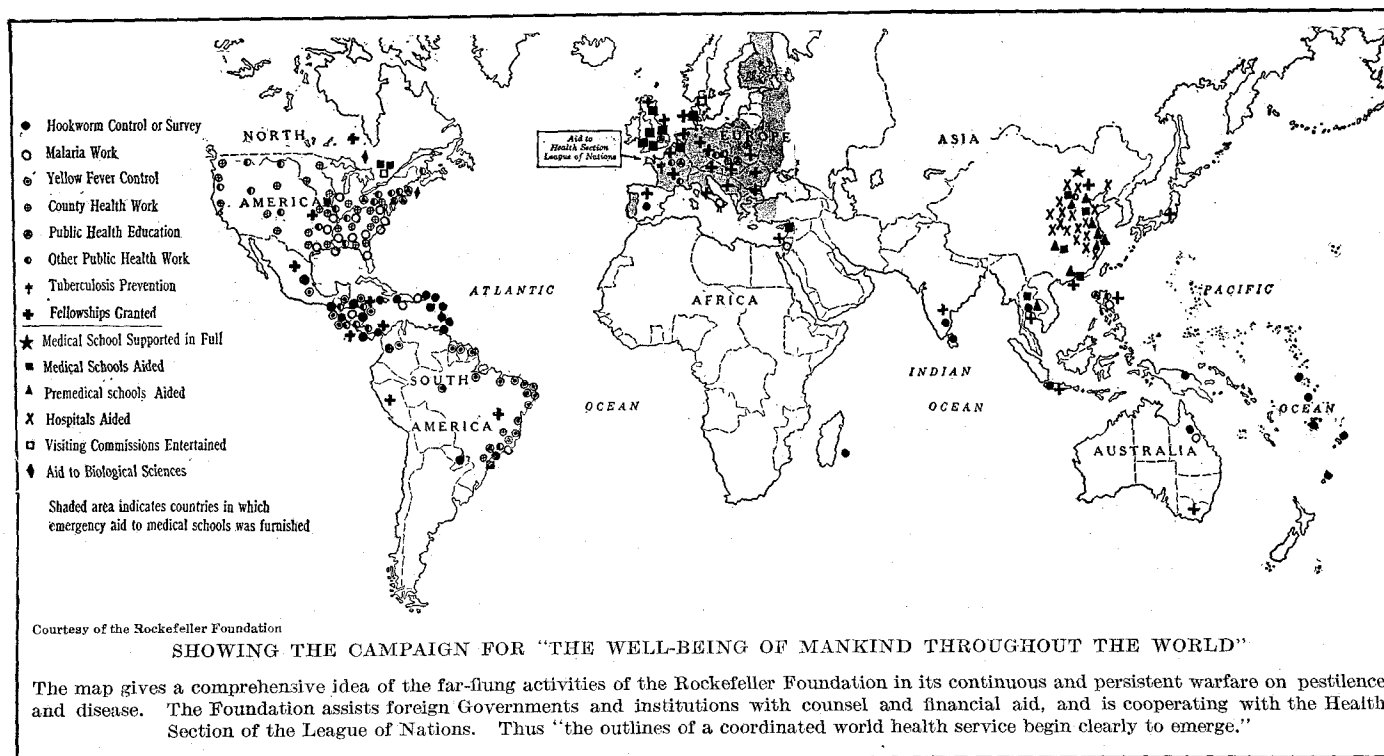
"They will now for some time ship their oars, to devote all their energies to the task of

throwing the Jonah of mammonized modernism overboard."

The first defeat of the Fundamentalists came on the question of seating the delegates from the Park Avenue Church, New York, which is to be shepherded by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Fundamentalists went down under a majority of 912 to 364. Undeterred, the Fundamentalists returned to the fray, directing their fire against modernized missionaries in the foreign field. The Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Portland, Oregon, offered a resolution which would have prescribed a creed and required the dismissal of all those Baptist foreign missionaries who failed to subscribe to it. The resolution refers to the fact that a committee was appointed a year ago to investigate conditions in the foreign field, and records pleasure that the majority of the missionaries are "loyal to the faith once for all delivered." But there are others less strict in their practises and teachings, and to reach them Dr. Hinson's resolution would require subscription to "the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures of both the Old and



—Westerman in the Columbus Ohio State Journal.



New Testament, the certain deity of Jesus Christ, involving His virgin birth, His sinless life, His sacrificial death, His bodily resurrection and ascension to the right hand of God, and His return." Those found out of harmony with this faith were to be removed as speedily as possible. In the ensuing argument, we read in the *Seattle Times*, Dr. G. A. Huntley, of the China mission, declared the resolution to be virtually an insult to the men and women in the foreign field, and said that "if the missionaries in China are asked to subscribe to a creed to which we ourselves have not subscribed, forty-nine out of fifty of them will refuse to sign. Demand this of them," he declared, "and you will see the greatest debacle in the missionary field the Church has ever known." A plea for peace was put in by Dr. Clinton Wunder, of Rochester, who reminded his hearers that the missionaries were on the danger-line, while they themselves were in soft berths at home, and asked, "Who in God's name are we to put the brand on these, the faithful, the loyal, while we in our comfort here are enjoying ourselves? The fact that they are willing to go for pathetic wages and spend their lives in heathen lands, at great personal sacrifice, for the sake of Jesus Christ, is a sufficient doctrinal test for them and for me."

The resolution was lost, 742 to 574, and an amended resolution adopted "that we urge upon our foreign mission board, in the light of the facts reported by the commission, such action as seems to them will best conserve our denominational interests and best serve the Kingdom of Christ."

A resolution, offered by Judge F. W. Freeman, of Denver, which would have cut off the Park Avenue Church from membership in the convention, was amended by its author so as to convey a warning rather than an open threat to the erring church, and was adopted with less than fifty of the 1,605 delegates voting in the negative. A hint of further action may be conveyed in another resolution offered by Judge Freeman, which would amend the by-laws so as to define a Baptist church as "one accepting the New Testament as its guide and composed only of baptizers, baptism being by immersion." The proposed amendment, under the rules, will lie on the table for a year. In the meantime, we are told, churches in the convention will receive copies and the membership will have the opportunity for deliberation and study. Leaders of both factions, we are told in the *Seattle Times*, hope that this action will open the way to a common ground on which both factions can meet.

GIRDLING THE GLOBE WITH CHARITY

THE CHARGE OF SELFISHNESS brought against the United States may be in part controverted by the work of the Rockefeller Foundation, which in its constructive charity knows neither geography nor race, but only mankind. Only a map of the world, we are told, can give an adequate idea of the breadth of its benefactions. It fights yellow fever in Brazil, crosses the seas to help medical centers in Europe and Asia, recrosses to make war against malaria in the Americas north and south of the isthmus, and goes down to the antipodes to help in the same general warfare along another front. Thus, we are reminded, American millions and American servants of science work silently and persistently, everywhere, against the ravages of war, pestilence and disease. In a review of the Foundation's work for 1924, President George E. Vincent records that the trustees administer a fund which represents a per capita of \$1.50 for the people of the United States. The income, if raised by popular subscription, would call for a fraction over seven cents annually per head. Last year the Foundation expended \$3,195,951 on public health activities; \$3,225,027 in promoting the interests of medical education, and \$700,663 for miscellaneous work of a beneficial character. Here is an outline of the year's activities:

"Underwrote for \$350,000 a plan for publishing an international abstract journal of the biological sciences; began issuing bulletins reporting progress in medical education in many countries; helped to spread internationally knowledge about medical equipment and teaching methods through surveys by staff members, commissions of scientists, visiting professors, and traveling fellows; hastened developments in the medical schools of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Wales, Montreal, McGill, São Paulo, Hongkong and Siam, and of the American University at Beirut; maintained a modern medical school and teaching hospital in Peking; aided three other medical schools and seventeen hospitals in China; helped to improve the teaching of physics, chemistry, and biology in two Chinese and nine foreign institutions in China and in the Government University in Siam; had a part in the development of professional training for sanitarians and hygienists at Harvard University and in schools and institutes in London, Prague, Warsaw, and São Paulo; gave funds for nursing education at Yale University and in schools and hospitals in Brazil, France, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, and the Philippines; kept a mobile staff on guard against yellow fever in Mexico and Central America; at the request of Brazil joined in an attack upon this disease from eleven centers

along the northern coast; helped to show the possibilities of malaria control in thirteen American States and made malaria surveys or studies in Haiti, Porto Rico, Nicaragua, Brazil, Italy, Palestine, Queensland, and the Philippines; either continued or began anti-hookworm work in conjunction with thirty-two States and countries in the West Indies, Central America and Mexico, South America, Europe, and the Far East; contributed to the budgets of rural health services in 207 counties in twenty-four American States and in New Brunswick, Brazil, France, and Czecho-Slovakia; continued to aid the epidemiological intelligence service of the Health Section of the League of Nations; contributed to the League of Nations' international study tours or interchanges for ninety-nine health offices from twenty countries; provided directly or indirectly fellowships for 864 individuals of thirty-three nations; lent staff members and made minor gifts to many Governments and institutions for various kinds of counsel and aid, and assisted in other undertakings in public health, medical education, and allied fields."

The only way to do anything worth while and lasting, says the report, is to concentrate for considerable periods upon vital activities in limited fields, and so effort is centered for the present on public health and medical education. Yet it is felt that in time "other things may also offer opportunities." Help is given, we are told, "only for demonstrations of innovation and improvement. The Foundation takes no interest in the merely quantitative expansion of routine activities. There must be promise of qualitative advance in a given piece of scientific, administrative or education work." Moreover, the Foundation withdraws entirely when a project has become self-directing and self-sustaining. Again, following the plan of Providence, help is given to those who help themselves. The Foundation is cooperating with the Health Section of the League of Nations, and "the outlines of a coordinated world health service begin clearly to emerge." Now and then, writes President Vincent, some one has asked whether such aid as is given by the Rockefeller Foundation does not imply a kind of condescension, whether the Foundation does not seem to covet the rôle of a corporate Mæcenas of medicine. To this, he says:

"The answer is that the very nature of the work precludes a feeling of chauvinism and of patronage. To visit many countries, to note the things in which each excels, to meet men and women who are contributing to the world's store of scientific knowledge and skill, to learn of their plans and needs, to make easier the migrations and interchanges of scientists, to facilitate that commerce of ideas which enriches all lands—to have a share in all these things is to realize that scientific progress, the development of education, the fostering of the fine arts, are not the work of one country or race but of continuous international intercourse. The Rockefeller Foundation within its chosen field seeks to share in this common task as a means of realizing the purpose of its charter, 'the well-being of mankind throughout the world.'"

The report of the Foundation is widely quoted and commented upon, not only as an enterprise which is slowly but surely winning the age-long fight against disease, but as a lever which is lifting international relationships into a higher plane. Speaking specifically of the Foundation's fight against yellow fever, the *Detroit News* believes it safe to believe that not many years hence there will be no yellow fever anywhere in the world, and remarks, "the chief glory for this achievement belongs to America, whose doctors discovered how to conquer the disease and whose Government and rich men furnished the funds for the greatest of the successful campaigns." What the world owes Mr. Rockefeller, observes the *New Haven Register*, can not be estimated, and what science has gained and will gain by the continued, unstinted use of unlimited wealth, time alone can tell.

"Surely the benefactions of the Foundation pass the understanding, possibly, even of those most intimate with their ramifications, while they are unknown quantities to the vast majority of the people of the United States."

Like other assistance that has been given by American charitable, relief or philanthropic organizations, remarks the *Oshkosh Northwestern*, this effort has been unselfish. It does not consti-

tute an unwise meddling in the affairs of other nations; but is simply an expression of a desire to help. "America," continues *The Northwestern*, "in reality is isolated only where isolation is the wise policy for this country and for other countries." As to the influence of the Foundation on international relations the *Indianapolis News* notes:

"Frequent dispatches report somebody in a foreign land as being hostile to America. The war debt situation has not made this country new friends, and the feeling has grown in some quarters that Uncle Sam is grasping, and that the United States is a country whose citizens get but never give. No matter what may be said in France, Italy, Belgium, England or any other country, there are men and women in these countries who are working for the betterment of their own people because such influences as the Rockefeller Foundation have given them enough American money to enable their research to be pursued without interruption. Somebody understands the real spirit of America and these enterprises that carry the tidings into the far corners do much to give foreigners a true conception of what American idealism can be."

The Rockefeller charity is not devoted to the physical side alone. If it builds hospitals and medical schools, and promotes scientific investigation, we are reminded by the *Indianapolis Star* that there is also "a division in the Rockefeller field of 'give while you live' for spiritual endeavor. Millions have been given to denominational institutions and universities which must be looked to to maintain a proper balance between the physical and the spiritual in philanthropy."

BABBITTS AND BATHING BEAUTIES

BATHING BEAUTIES ARE BANNED as an advertisement for Cape May, New Jersey, and *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) ventures to hope that Cape May's refusal to send a representative to a bathing-girl contest at Atlantic City may be the happy augury of a return of sense to American municipalities. To this religious journal it is difficult to see anything but viciousness in these annual displays. For,

"As they are conducted, they pander to the prurient and expose their participants to temptations which no community has a right to set in the way of its members. Careful investigations, made by organizations such as the Y. W. C. A. and the women's clubs, have shown that, from beginning to end, these contests work to undermine the moral stamina of the girls who are in them. They begin with local competitions, fostered by sensational newspapers. In these, crowds are gathered to watch while 'judges' pass on the 'points' of empty-headed girls who pose in abbreviated bathing-suits. From these local contests the winners pass to a week at the seaside resort, where, in every possible way, their physical attractions are exploited, and they are subjected to a sort of flattery which leads many of them into dangerous paths. The city which tries to advertise itself in such a way has a curious sense of civic pride and responsibility. The city manager of Cape May is only talking sense when he says, 'We can not see the propriety of young women being sent with pomp and circumstance to Atlantic City, or any other city, once a year to be measured, weighed, appraised and gazed on by a curious multitude. Call us old-fashioned if you like, but count Cape May out. We will keep our beautiful girls at home.'"

Do not blame the "silly" girls too much, says the *San Francisco Monitor* (Catholic) in censuring a bathing-girl contest at Santa Cruz. Rather,

"Place the odium, if you are not too far gone to resent these panderings, on the yahoo secretaries of Chambers of Commerce, and the uncultured newspaper editors who promote these pagan shows. Bathing-beauty contests are the highest contribution made to American civilization by the Babbitts. We need not dig in deserts to find pictures of ape men and stone-age missing-links. The gibbering chatter of the male judges and onlookers at Santa Cruz has enough of the baboon expression to convince us that Beauty Contests have nothing to do with city planning or resort development."

Try the
**APPETITE
TEST**
for Beans!

Nothing hard about it. Yet it lets you determine for yourself the beans which have just the quality and flavor you like the best.

Instead of simply accepting any beans which may be offered to you, insist on getting Campbell's—the nationally famous beans.

Then eat them when you have become decidedly hungry. That's the time only good substantial food will satisfy you.

You will notice two things. First that Campbell's Beans, with their delicious Tomato Sauce, have a remarkable flavor all their own—you enjoy them to the very last bean on the plate. Second, that a plateful of them is hearty food which really satisfies!



Beans are rich in body-building food!

Serve hot
Serve cold

Beans are one of the richest foods in protein—so valuable in building up the body tissue. In fact, considering how economical they are, the actual value which they return to the careful housewife is hard to equal. In addition to this, she knows that all the family will like them. Beans are so tempting and delicious!

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DIGESTIBLE

CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE teachableness of elephants is manifest to all devotees of the circus. Their size makes it difficult for us to imagine them with emotions; but a contributor to *The English Review* (London) dares it:

THEIR LORD AND MASTER

By DOUGLAS AINSLIE

Since the dawning we had sought them through
the mazes of the forest
In the heart of distant, fairy Travancore,
Where the sun could hardly filter through the
groves of Coromandel,
Linked by leagues of crimson creepers, and the
roar
Of the lion from his ambush drowns the chatter
of the monkeys,
As they pelt with broken fruit the forest floor.
One led us up the hillside and we clambered
through the bushes
To a rocky platform opening on the plain.
Then a marvel: just below us roamed the herd of
fifty females,
And the days before the Deluge came again.
In their innocence they roamed there, fifty mothers
with their offspring:
Pulling playfully great branches from the trees
They bestowed them, bending downward, then
indulged in giant antics,
Tumbling, rolling mighty babies with their knees.
Sometimes playfully a mother leaned her back
against a palm-tree:
Like a feather it sailed downward to the ground.
Sometimes playfully another, clasping with her
trunk her baby
Whirled a ton of yelling pleasure round and round.
Not an eye of them had seen us, not an ear of them
had heard us,
Where we waited with his Karma for their King.
(In this waste each forest matron loved her lord,
her king, her patron,
And each showed her love a noble, tragic thing.)
We knew that he was coming by the crash of
distant branches—
It chanced upon my friend to speed the ball
That pierced those mighty ears: in the majesty
of years
He fell as only monuments can fall.
Then the fifty ceased to browse and the head of
every spouse
Sought the elephantine form to her most dear;
Not one of all looked round, though they must
have heard the sound:
They were far above the range of hate or fear.
They drew near their lord and master, where he
lay in dim disaster,
Gently each one touched his body with her trunk;
Then in silence bowed her head, when she knew
that he was dead,
And a moment deep in loving memories sunk;
Then in silence went and came, human each in all
but name,
Bearing mounds of earth and rocks and mighty
boughs,
Till the cairn was piled on high—for them, too,
is the sky—
And for them, too, the fulfilling of their vows.
Done her service to the dead, each one bowed once
more the head,
And sorrowing went silently away.
My eyes then sought my friend, and behold we
shared one end:
Twain branches on that monarch's tomb to lay.

RECENTLY we quoted from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) a poem that seemed a bad return for hospitality in a foreign land. Here in the same paper we find the same writer in a gentler mood, and a finer form:

TIDES

By THEODORE MAYNARD

Some tell us bitterly that true love dies—
And speak too quickly, waiting not the rise
Of strong returning tides to greet their eyes

For love, though deep and fickle, like the sea
Obeys the uncomprehended moon. And we
Observe its ebb and flow bewilderedly.

Its tidal waters are without a chart;
Their altering rhythm is beyond our art;
Each tide's a vast astonishment of heart.

But love shall yet unfluctuating be;
No moon will kindle in eternity
To draw the tides of the abolished sea.

The Observer (London) is one of the leading weekly papers which fill the place of our voluminous Sunday sheets. It does not disdain religious verse.

THESE WATERS

By A. DORIS L. WILSON

(For any friend.)

Thou shalt not fear these waters,
Though disappointment, disbelief, ill-health,
Hatred, or jealousy, or fear of pain
For some dear loved one cloud thine eyes with
dread.

Thou shalt not fear these waters:

There will come

One precious moment troubling them with life
And dowering them with beauty in the dawn
That thou may'st bathe and heal thy sores and
wounds.

Thou shalt not fear:

Lo, I, who love thee, see
These bitter waters of Gethsemane
May be Bethesda's lovely pool for thee.

This poem in *The Nation* (New York) is significant as a racial expression. It is by a Russian:

A SAIL

By M. Y. LHERMONTOV

Translated by Max Eastman

White is the sail and lonely
On the misty infinite blue;
Flying from what in the homeland?
Seeking for what in the new?

The waves romp, and the winds whistle,
And the mast leans and creaks;
Alas! He flies not from fortune,
And no good fortune he seeks.

Beneath him the stream, luminous, azure,
Above him the sun's golden breast;
But he, a rebel, invites the storms,
As though in the storms were rest.

If letter-writing is "the gentlest art," as Mr. E. V. Lucas has called it, hardly less delightful an art is that of writing personal, even intimate verse—such poems, for instance, as this from "The Eternal Quest" (London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.):

INTERRUPTION

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

I was writing when you came;
Startled as you called my name,
And the little words with wings,
That are poetry names of things,
Went away.
While I thought if you should stay,
I must count a wasted day.

How they slipped—the shining hours—
Like a garland made of flowers,
Through our fingers, one by one,
In the shadows and the sun.
Yet I knew
Songs would last my whole life through,
But not mornings spent with you!

THERE is a subtle moral here, but it is for each reader to find for himself. From *The Independent*:

PANTHER POOL

By CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

He did not swim with joy, as others do,
Who love the wash of waves against their flesh
As if the water were a stroking hand.
To him, the pool was like a treacherous beast,
Crouched in the hollow of the naked rocks,
And when the sunbeams quivered down the cliffs,
He caught the savage glare of tawny eyes.
And yet he swam—for it was in his creed
That what is feared is ever to be faced.

One morning, when he went to swim, his wife
Caught at his arm with her detaining hand.
"The water is too cold, today," she said.
Her man replied, in words that puzzled her,
"If it is cold, perhaps it is asleep."

It was asleep. He saw it from the bank,
Lie dull and torpid in the autumn dawn;
But when he leaped, it wakened with a snarl.

They said, who drew his body from the pool,
That he had hit his head upon a stone,
And that the cuts along his neck and arms
Were from the sharp rock edges. But his wife
Turned, sick and trembling, from those jagged
wounds
That seemed the marks of cruel teeth and claws.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON chooses for *The Literary Digest International Book Review* the following which she calls "among the noblest lines" in Ridgely Torrence's new volume, "Hesperides." They are from

RITUAL OF THE BODY'S PASSING

Though from the evening to the morning glowing
No orb may rise nor orbit-song be clear,
Where deeper need is shall be deeper knowing,
Where music hides there shall be ears to hear.

Down from the arches of dream a thunder of wings
Rolls, and forever along the inward sight,
Out of the sorrowing cloud and blowing fear,
With all the heavens rushing earthward, armed
A lightning plunging from the homes of light
Hints to the spirit that it stands unharmed.

A ROMANTIC lay from *The Century*:

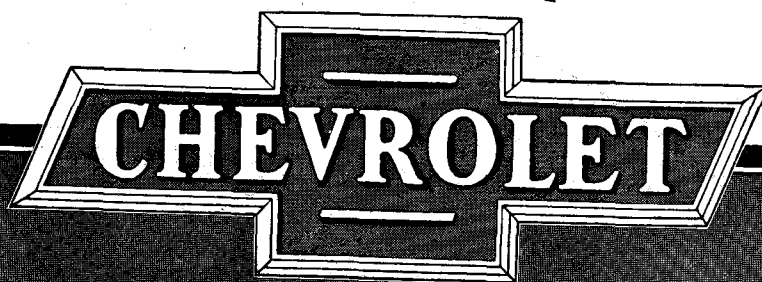
PIRATES

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Pirates, after all, were usually
Such young men!
At yard-arms or docks they hanged them,
Or on beaches now and then.
So between the prayers of parsons
At the gallows-tree
In their ears came softly lisping
The whisper of the sea.

Their own sea of sails and fighting,
Of storm and wound,
Scattered with uncharted beaches
For the men that they marooned;
Spanish towns with plate and treasure;
Jungle; fever; heat;
And the clicking of the glasses
In some safe retreat.

In that school a man grew crafty,
Limber in his hates.
Their white scars were often left them
By their bosom mates.
What extraordinary stories
That no one now can know
Died upon those wind-blown gallows
At twenty-one or so!



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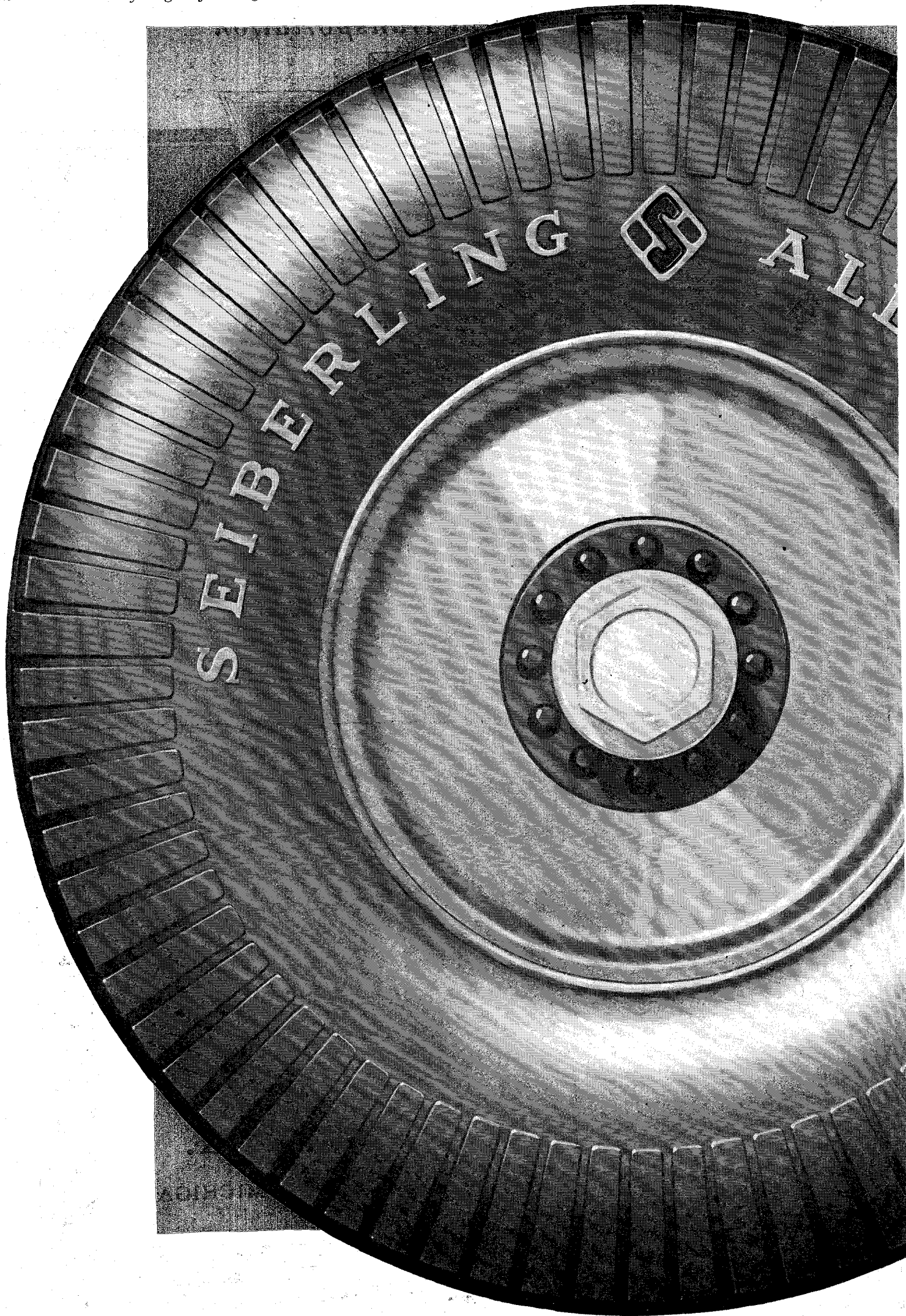
<u>The</u>	Coupe...	\$ 675	— former price \$715
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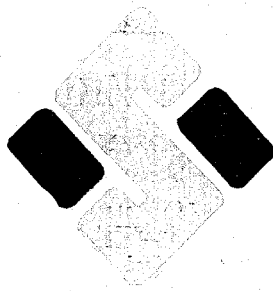
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Over burning brick and asphalt; through clay ruts, baked to a cutting, tearing edge; hour after hour of stretching, flexing, grinding punishment! Then, perhaps, a sudden shower—slippery pavement—mud and wet sand! The Seiberling All-Tread was built for just such service.

Sales tell the story—and no new brand of tire has equalled in a three year period, the sales record of the Seiberling All-Tread.

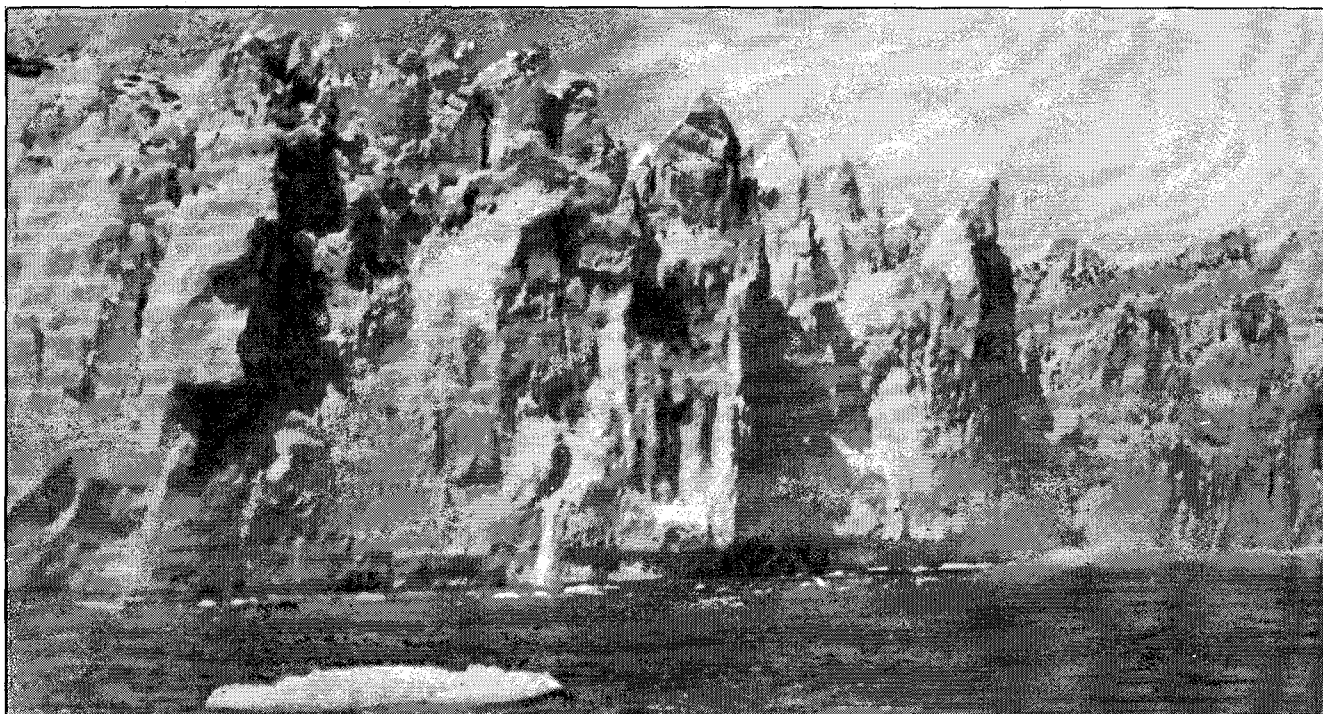


The same tough tread rubber from bead to bead—side-walls buttressed and protected by bars of tough tread stock—good looks that add a touch of beauty to any car—backed by Seiberling knowledge, Seiberling skill and Seiberling experience gained in building 40,000,000 tires.

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES



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PLEASANT PLACE TO BE ALMOST DROWNED

The edge of the polar ice-cap, showing what greets the aviator's eyes when he looks for a landing-place.

AMUNDSEN'S HEROIC AMERICAN BACKER

THE ONLY AMERICAN WITH AMUNDSEN proved to be a life-saver, we learn from a published diary of one of the members of the aerial polar expedition. Incidentally he was the "angel of the show"—the financial backer of the enterprise. Unlike the diffident theatrical "angel," however, Lincoln Ellsworth took an active and hazardous part in the labors of the Amundsen-Ellsworth Polar Expedition, according to chronicles that are trickling through from the Far North. A recent account relates to his rescue of two of his companions, Dietrichson and Omdahl, from an icy grave. The story is told by James B. Wharton, special correspondent of the New York World and the North American Newspaper Alliance with the Amundsen party. He writes from Oslo that the risk Ellsworth took in saving the two men can only be appreciated by one who understands the treacherous and dangerous nature of the polar ice, and the difficulty of obtaining a foothold on the precipitous edge of the holes where the ice has newly cracked, or split away from its companion bergs. He continues:

Dietrichson points out Ellsworth to each new arrival, and tells the story again, adding always, in English of weird accent, "That Ellsworth—he's a sport!" Then he displays his own diary, in which he scrawled a few words daily during those strenuous days in the North.

The diary says of the first three days at latitude 87.44:

"In landing we became separated from the air-plane in which Amundsen traveled. We knew that he had landed and we had watched the direction of its descent, but our vision was extremely limited on account of the tremendous ice hummocks. We were astonished at the extent and height of the irregularities in the pack-ice, which had looked fairly smooth from above.

"Immediately after landing, Ellsworth and I started across the ice in the direction of Amundsen's landing, but when we got half-way we realized our attempt was hopeless, as the ice was continually moving and very dangerous. So we returned to our plane, waiting to see if the N-25 would rise again.

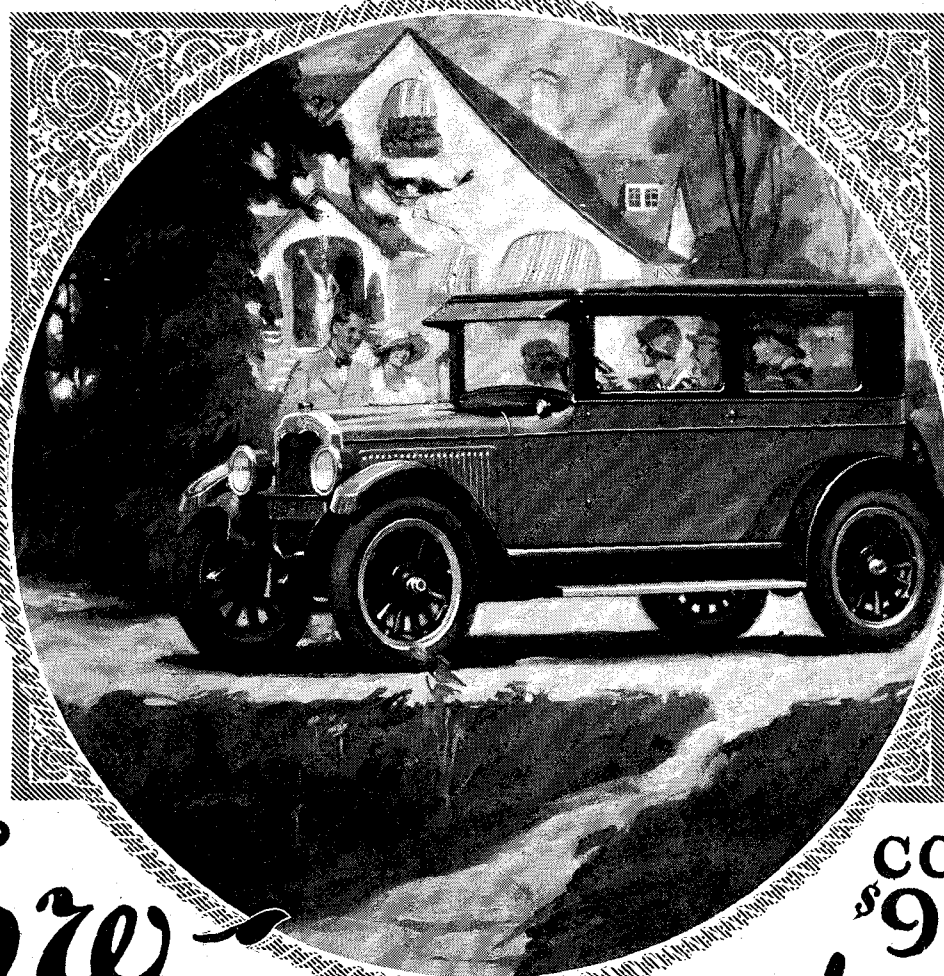
"Omdahl was hard at work, endeavoring to repair the jammed

exhaust pipe. Our hull had begun to leak seriously, and we did not dare to leave the pumps. Night came, with still no sign of the N-25. We began to fear that we would freeze in. Omdahl was still working, finding the extent of the damage greater than at first indicated. Ellsworth and I were busy at the pumps, keeping a sharp lookout all the time. We planned to get our engine repaired as quickly as possible, and then drive down to the N-25.

"With night, there came a heavy snowfall which lasted many hours, during which Omdahl worked unceasingly with the engine and Ellsworth and I kept pumping. We wondered what had happened to our comrades of the N-25, altho there was no doubt in our minds that they were safe.

"At noon of the twenty-third, we caught sight of a flag, flying above the ice, two miles away. It was the N-25, and the sight raised our spirits considerably. Within a few hours we got into communication by means of wig-wagged signals, and learned that they were frozen up, sixty feet from the nearest ice lane. If our position was hopeless, they urged us to abandon our plane and join them, bringing our axes and as much of our stores as we could carry."

Dietrichson's diary goes on to relate that the situation with Ellsworth, Omdahl and himself was becoming more precarious, as the leakage in the hull of their craft was getting worse, and both men were exhausted from continual pumping. After the wig-wagged messages from Amundsen, they concentrated their efforts on getting their plane out of the water and up on top of an ice-floe. This labor occupied the three adventurers for several days, during which the pumping was continued of necessity. At length, on the 28th, we learn, they succeeded in hoisting the unwieldy air-plane to the surface of the ice, and were relieved of the laborious necessity of further pumping. But their troubles were by no means over, it appears. The ice was continually cracking, thus cutting off contact with the other section of the expedition. Ellsworth and Dietrichson made a desperate effort to reach the N-25, but after seven hours of floundering over the ice they were obliged to return to their own plane, "completely



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exhausted." And now came a wig-wagged message from the N-25, to the effect that they needed help "as soon as we could safely leave the N-24."

At length, on May 26, Ellsworth, Dietrichson and Omdahl made a supreme effort to join their comrades, in the course of which Ellsworth saved the other two from drowning. Stumbling over the disintegrating ice, they had been caught in a dangerous place and had fallen into a swiftly widening crack:

To Lincoln Ellsworth, the sole American member of the Amundsen-Ellsworth polar-flight party, belongs credit for a heroic exploit which saved the lives of two of his companions, said Amundsen to-day.

Mr. Ellsworth, in the dispatch which he sent to-day to *The World* and its associated newspapers, modestly says of this incident: "Dietrichson and Omdahl all but lost their lives one day when they fell suddenly through a hole in the ice, up to their necks, and were almost dragged under by some whirling current underneath." Dietrichson and Omdahl were the American's companions on the air-plane N-24.

Amundsen says that Ellsworth's heroism in saving their lives was the highest individual achievement of the entire expedition. The two men were making their way across the ice toward the Amundsen plane when they fell together into a crevasse which suddenly opened right under their feet. Amundsen and Riiser-Larsen rushed to aid them but found themselves on the wrong side of a widening lane in the ice. They tried to launch their canvas boat, but were prevented by the masses of drift-ice. Meanwhile Ellsworth rushed to the other side of the lead and risked his own life, hanging precariously to the rim of the ice, himself half submerged by the current, while he pulled up first one and then the other of his exhausted comrades.

Correspondent Wharton had an opportunity at Spitzbergen to see something of Ellsworth in the character of a hunter and naturalist. He writes:

We devoted one of our idle days at Spitzbergen to the study of seals, and Ellsworth, leading our excursion, proved himself not only a mighty hunter but also a lover of animals, and a patient scientific student of their habits.

Seals abound off the west coast of Spitzbergen, but they are another species from the Alaskan seal, and their skins have small value as fine fur. Their commercial value lies rather in the amount of oil the body contains, each animal producing about \$10 worth, in the raw state.

Our sealing party was made up of Ellsworth, Dietrichson, our surgeon, and two or three others. We headed across the ice toward the opposite side of the bay, where are the ruins of London City, a settlement established some years ago by an English expedition, but now deserted. Our hunting-ground looked to be less than a half-mile away, at the blue-green edge of the glacier, with the mountains rising behind it. But it was fully ten miles; the intense clearness of the air deceived us.

The correspondent gives a description here of a phase of Arctic hunting, familiar enough to polar explorers, but full of novelty to the "tenderfoot" from a temperate zone. Across the ice for

many miles in the clear and frosty atmosphere could be detected tiny dark spots. At a distance of five miles, he writes, they were scarcely perceptible to the naked eyes, but when picked up with a glass they were perceived as seals taking a sun bath. Mr. Wharton relates that they lie out on the ice "quite like a man, if he were to wear a fur bathing-suit." He continues:

The seal's transit between the water, where he finds his food, and the air which he breathes, is a round hole eighteen inches or so in diameter which he makes in the ice. On our hunting-

ground a thousand seals bobbed up a thousand heads through a thousand of these holes, cautiously and quickly for reconnaissance. If satisfied that all was clear they would pull themselves up onto the ice. Frightened, it took them less than a second to flip back into the safety of the water.

They proved tame enough up to about 200 yards. After that they were wary of anyone who approached. As a hit at more than 100 yards is difficult, a hunter must approach very carefully. We tried it. Ellsworth with his rifle went forward, step by careful step. Dietrichson, with his glasses hung back, observing the seal and instructing the gunner to halt, go slowly, quickly, or shoot, all according to what signs of alarm were evinced by the seal.

Two or three times they failed to get near enough. Then came a first try. In undertones came the commands from Dietrichson: "Go—easy—easy — all right — go — hold it — shoot!"

Simultaneously with the crack of the rifle the seal's tail flipped out of sight. A miss. Several yards beyond the hole we find a slash in the snow which covers the ice. Overshot by an inch, perhaps less.

Next Dietrichson scored a miss. Then Ellsworth fitted his telescopic sight into the rifle, and a few minutes later the surgeon has an opportunity to do a rough anatomical job with his bowie knife. We saved the skin and a few pounds of edible meat, and turned homeward.

On the way back, it is related, Ellsworth changed his tactics. No longer the hunter, he became the naturalist, making a detour to observe the seals from a distance and study their habits. Wharton continues:

On the way back, Ellsworth makes a detour, observing the seals from a distance, and studying their habits. Presently he calls to us, and we find him bending over a baby seal, lying on the ice with its mother. "An absorbingly interesting domestic scene," he remarks.

A seal is born with white fur, because for about fourteen days it must lie on the ice before it learns to swim and goes under the water with its mother. So for two weeks, protected by its color, it lies beside an ice-hole, dependent upon its mother for sustenance.

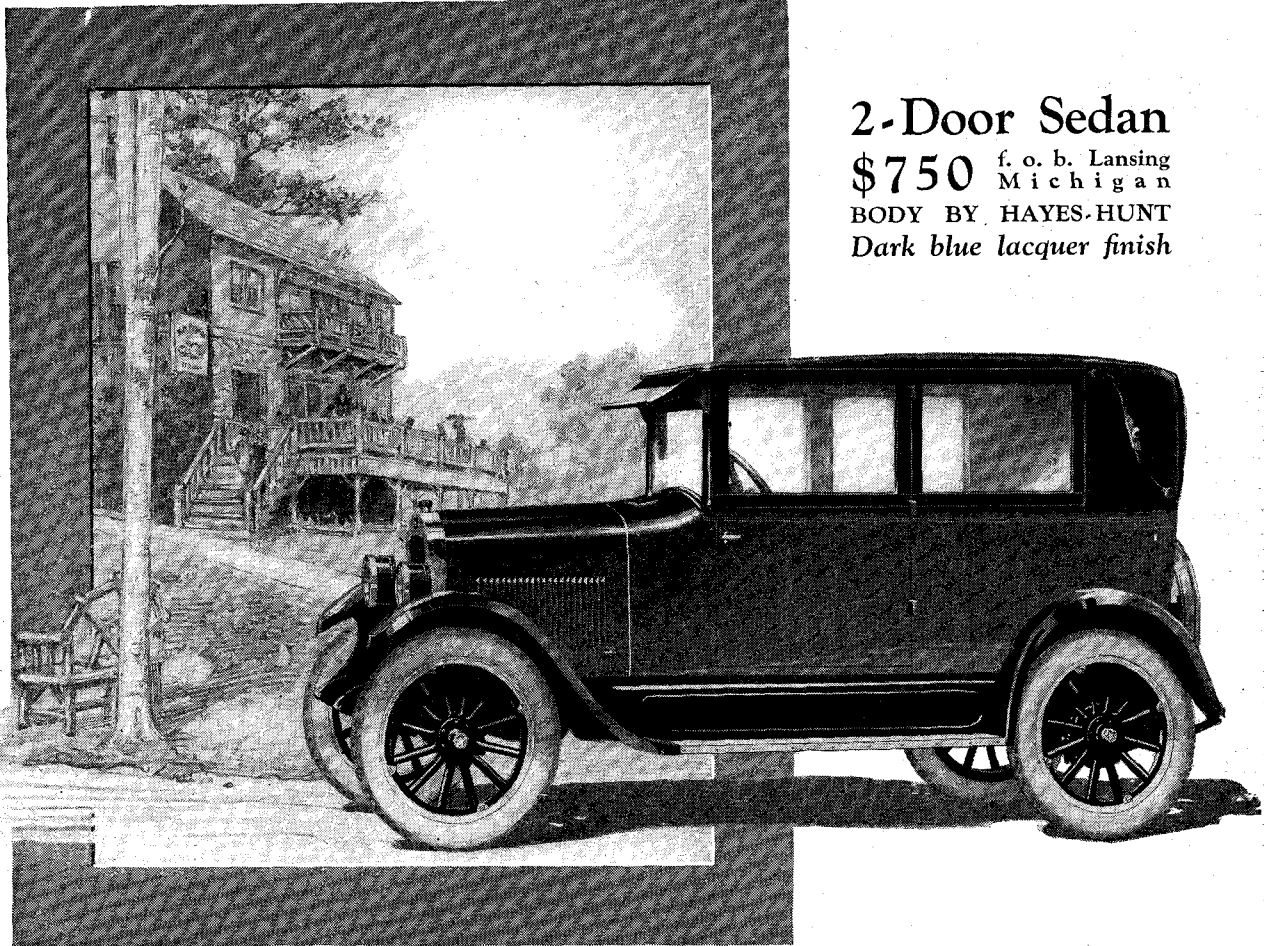
The pup looks like a young Angora kitten and meows exactly like one. Its mother is so tame that we can approach within a yard of the little group. Our coming angers the old lady a bit and she snarls and snorts maternally at us, splashing water over us in an attempt at offensive, but she will not leave her helpless white pup for long. Frightened, she will flop into her hole, swim about in the water like a fish, then bob up again to see that her darling is still safe and unmolested by the strange upright creatures who stare at her and click the shutters of their weird boxes.



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AMUNDSEN'S "ANGEL" STUDYING THE POLAR MAP

Ellsworth's dividers are stretched between Spitzbergen and the North Pole. His ice-ax lies handy.



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WHY EDISON CHOOSES TO BE DEAF

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICANS, it is revealed by his wife, is deaf from deliberate choice. His hearing could have been restored by an operation, but he made up his mind to forego that opportunity. Why? He wanted to think, and he had found that his thinking went on better when the noises of the world were shut out. Thus, to clear the tracks for a brain continually working at high pressure over "many inventions," this man heroically elected to remain cut off almost wholly from the songs of birds, the voices of friends and the enchantment of music. Nor is the wonder of the tale made any less by the fact that he himself had made a lively contribution to the miscellaneous noises of the world with his invention of the phonograph.

Yes, it is Thomas A. Edison who stands revealed by his wife as having chosen deafness as a refuge in which to be apart with his work. Mrs. Edison's account of the sacrifice is reported by Martha Coman and Hugh Weir. Writing in *Collier's*, they quote her as saying:

"My job has been always to take care of Mr. Edison—to take care that his home contributed as much as possible to his doing the work that he had to do to the best advantage. We have always put his work first, all of us. And we have tried to organize our home and our home life to give results just as much as the laboratory.

"Mr. Edison has few friends. Because of his work he has had to live a great deal by himself and in himself—shut out from the social contacts open to most men. Our intimacy with the Fords has been a very significant fact to him."

Mr. Edison's deafness has often been commented on. Long ago he learned to take his affliction as a matter of course, awkward and embarrassing at times, but after all something that could not be helped.

Mrs. Edison, however, believed that it could be helped, and finally she found a great specialist who shared her belief.

To persuade Mr. Edison to submit to the necessary examination was a feat which no one but herself could have accomplished. But the result splendidly justified her effort.

After more than half a century of deafness, Mr. Edison was informed that his hearing could be restored almost completely by a comparatively simple operation. The date was set for a week in advance.

On the eventful day Mr. Edison appeared at his laboratory with a face somewhat more thoughtful than usual. Turning to his personal assistant, he said carelessly, "By the way, will you telephone that doctor and tell him he is not to come over to-day; I am not going to have the operation."

For a moment his alert eyes were curiously shadowed under their heavy brows. Nobody but Mrs. Edison knew how much the words had cost him.

And then he gave the explanation:

"I have learned to think by being shut away from confusion and sound. And I have a lot more thinking I want to do before I die. If they fix up my ear I'll have to learn how to do it all over again. I haven't the time to lose!"

Edison rarely submits to a professional interview with a doctor. It took years to persuade him to have his eyes examined for glasses, and then he complained that they interfered with his efforts at concentration so that he doesn't wear them unless he is literally forced to.

Doctors have a habit of telling him unpleasant things. For instance, they urge him to give up smoking. Black cigars and black coffee are his only dissipations—and they will probably be permanent.

In the average popular health advice given to business and professional men for keeping in condition, a prominent item is always that of physical exercise. Edison, one of the hardest working men of his generation, doesn't take one hour's physical exercise in a month—and never has.

A conspiracy was once formed by his family to interest him in golf, but it ended in failure. Mrs. Edison made the nearest approach to success in any outdoor activity when she awakened his interest in motoring.

"The automobile came like a godsend to us," she said. "I had almost given up hope to get Mr. Edison out of doors for any length of time—alho we could all see that the constant confinement of his work was beginning to tell on his health. The automobile appealed to him at first mechanically—and gradually I managed to persuade him to longer and longer drives, and when he found that he could speed he became really interested in automobiling. The short trips grew into weeks of drives and then into family camping trips and later into tours with the Fords, John Burroughs and Harvey Firestone. These brought complete success to my efforts, and made him an enthusiastic motorist—when I could get him away from the laboratory long enough for a trip."



P. & A. photograph

"THE MOST DIFFICULT HUSBAND IN AMERICA"

In company with his wife, who says that her life job has been "the intimate service of Thomas A. Edison."

A graphic description is

given of a scene in the Edison household—an intimate glimpse of the veteran inventor as he arrives home for lunch, and afterward as he lapses into the "forty winks" with which he compensates for laborious nights. The narrative runs:

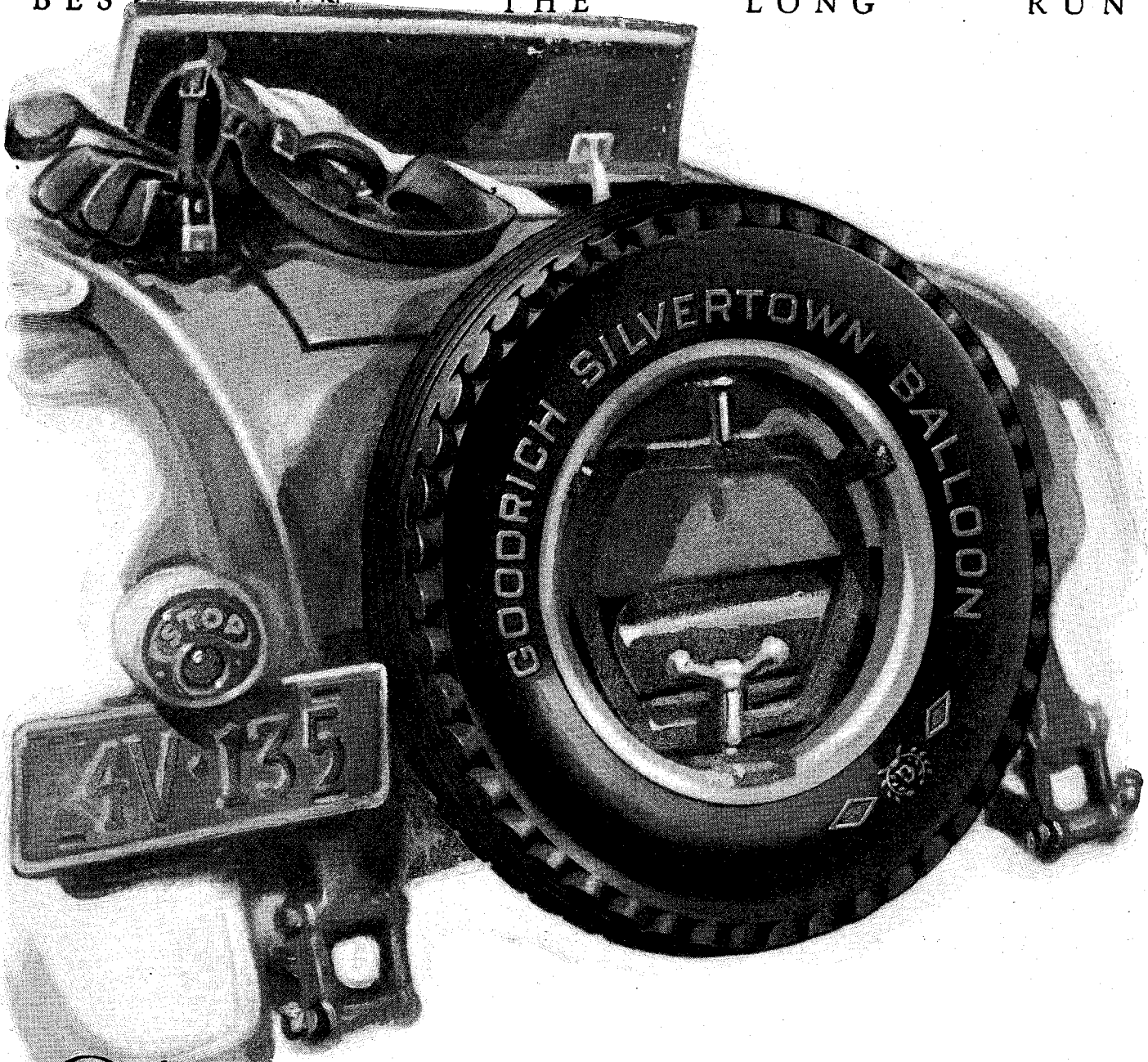
We were waiting for the most difficult and—in many ways—the most famous husband in America. He was late for lunch, but that was nothing unusual. The great house at Llewellyn Park was used to that.

As the hour hand on the clock crawled beyond one we adjourned reluctantly to the dining-room. Hardly had we seated ourselves at the table when there was a stir in the long Colonial hall, a quick step outside, and the most remarkable man of seventy-six this country has produced—a man who is still always in a hurry—bustled into the room.

Thomas A. Edison had come home from his five hours of morning work in the laboratory.

But he wasn't interested in food—not a bit. A smile of greeting (it was more of a twinkle) flashed into the alert eyes under the heavy, iron-gray brows, and his large head with its rumpled gray hair nodded with a kind of vague cheeriness. For a moment he stood looking at us—one might almost say peering—and then he stepped over to Mrs. Edison. His movements are always abrupt—not jerky, but intent. With the eagerness of

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a boy he reached toward the little stack of photographs she was holding up.

It was a collection of intimate pictures, which he had been expecting for several days from Detroit, of Mrs. Edison and himself and the family of Henry Ford.

"Go on with the meal, please," Mrs. Edison smiled. "He never eats—if he has anything else to do!"

And, indeed, we are given a picture of this hardworking man, after coming home for his midday meal, being sidetracked from the festive board by a stack of snapshots, and apparently forgetting the calls of the "inner man" while he inspected them with almost juvenile interest. However, we soon learn that the business of eating does not play a very important part in the inventor's life. We read:

With something of a sigh he finally laid the pictures away, and took the chair Mrs. Edison had drawn up very close to her left side. After nearly forty years of married life his wife has learned to solve, with an inconspicuous adroitness, the problem of her famous husband's deafness.

A cereal and a plate of grapes—these were the main items in the noon meal of the man who, at the age of nearly four-score years, works from fourteen to fifteen hours each day.

The luncheon conversation that had languished was resumed as the great inventor set himself mechanically at the task of eating. He took no part in the table talk. The conversation interested him, apparently, as little as did the food.

On several occasions Mrs. Edison reached over and retailed bits of the conversation into his ear, which he automatically cupped toward her. His eyes wandered across the table at such times with a forced smile of interest, but, except for perfunctory words, he never spoke. There was no suggestion of boredom in his detachment or of patronage in his smile. He was just a very much absorbed man, too busy with other matters to have time for commonplaces.

Then quite suddenly he pushed back his chair. With another smile and a nod he was gone. Edison's business of eating was over—until evening.

When we entered the elaborate second-floor library half an hour later, we had our next view of Mr. Edison. He was stretched on a lounge, asleep, his rumpled gray hair falling down over his forehead.

Edison sleeps as he eats—not because of the pleasure in it but because it is necessary to continue his work, tho he never admits he is tired. If there is one thing that irritates him, it is to feel tired—to feel the symptoms of slowing up. And of late years he has found that from thirty to forty-five minutes of extra sleep after lunch—never more—help to keep him more keenly on the job.

Just as his life is consecrated to the work of his experimentation which he continues as faithfully to-day as he did a quarter of a century ago, so Mrs. Edison's life is consecrated to the work of her experimentation—the constant devising of new ways and means for the conservation of her remarkable and difficult husband. And from the standpoint of a conservator of energy, Thomas Alva Edison is certainly the most difficult husband in America to direct.

"Difficult," we gather, not from any disposition to give trouble—on the contrary, Mrs. Edison testifies to a steady undercurrent of "sweet reasonableness" in her husband's character which would make him as easy to manage as a child, were it not for the fact that he is ruled by his mind, which is ruled by his work. The article continues:

How does Mrs. Edison go about it? What does it mean to be the wife of the greatest inventive genius of modern times? How much is her husband like other men, and how much is he different from them? Have the closing years of his spectacular life changed the young wizard who startled the world, and if so—how?

Is the man who harnessed the lightning to give us illumination, who made machinery to reproduce the human voice, who showed us how to photograph motion, just a human being after all?

These are some of the things I went to Mrs. Edison to find out.

We were seated, one afternoon, in the living-room at Glenmont, the beautiful Edison home in the Llewellyn Park section of Orange, when Mrs. Edison gave me something of its history. There is no better illustration of how she has approached the job of being the wife of the world's greatest inventor. And when it is added that she was a girl of just twenty when she entered on that job, the task that she assumed can be better appreciated.

The history of the Edison home really begins on February 24,

1886, the date on which the inventor, then a young man of thirty-eight, married Mina Miller of Akron, Ohio.

The question of a suitable home for his young wife was a big problem in Edison's mind. And he gave this particular domestic question as intent study in its way as he was giving to the problem of the incandescent light, then in the throes of its early commercial development.

"We discuss the matter all during our honeymoon in Florida that winter," said Mrs. Edison. "When we returned to New York in the spring we knew that we had to make a decision. Mr. Edison had two especial houses in view. One was in New York on Riverside Drive, not far from the Schwab home. The other was in Llewellyn Park, at Orange. He gave me the choice and told me that the matter was in my hands. I knew he wanted to please me, but he didn't have to tell me the home that he preferred.

"The Riverside Drive home was beautiful. And I knew that in my husband's business life the New York location might mean a great deal.

"On the other hand, I realized that his greatest success had been always in creative work of the laboratory, that that was what he loved most, and where he was most contented. The confusion and excitement of a large city were deadening to experimental research. And so I abandoned the Riverside Drive location, and decided in favor of the quiet and seclusion of New Jersey. We have lived here ever since."

Despite his infirmity the inventor manages to hear music to an extent, and his wife reveals that he is familiar with all the latest Broadway melodies. His preference is for music produced in the domestic circle. And he loves flowers. The article continues:

"Flowers," said Mrs. Edison on one occasion, "have made the most important appeal in our domestic life, outside of music. Soon after our marriage I found that no matter how absorbed Mr. Edison might be in the experiments of the laboratory he could always find time to inspect the products of our conservatory or garden.

"We have cultivated this fondness—all of us. That was one reason for the conservatory in our home in Orange, and it is one thing which makes Mr. Edison enjoy our winter visits to Florida. It has cemented another interest in our lives too—our friendship with the Ford family. Their flower garden is one of their great delights. We have spent much time in discussing different varieties of plants, and in exchanging our experiences as gardeners.

In a period of fifty years Edison has never had any extended illness. He himself will tell you, characteristically, it is because he doesn't drug his system with too much sleep, and never wears clothes that constrict the freedom of his body.

Mrs. Edison will tell you it is because he always keeps himself interested in something he has never yet had a chance to do—and probably never will have a chance to do if he lives to be a hundred.

The world may never have another great Edison invention. But from Edison's point of view that fact is secondary. The big fact is that he himself is keeping just as active an interest in the day's job as he had twenty-five years ago.

In one sense, we are told, the famous inventor is cut off from the world, but in another sense he is very much in touch with it. As we read:

There is probably no other living man of world consequence so isolated from normal society. The man who lighted Broadway doesn't see Broadway twice a year—and then only for hurried glimpses.

The keenest newspaper editor, however, doesn't keep more closely in touch with current events. If Edison doesn't go into the world, he brings the world to him. There is possibly no heavier individual subscriber in the country to magazines and newspapers. On his reading-table may be found the most technical scientific journals stacked by the side of *The Police Gazette* and *The New York Clipper*.

Edison does most of his reading at home in the library during the evening, after he has undrest. His light may be going until two o'clock in the morning, but he will be up and drest, and as alert as ever, at seven. He never needs an alarm-clock to call him from sleep. If Mrs. Edison has had domestic problems of peculiar difficulty, certainly she has never had the problem of many wives of getting their husbands up in the morning.

Edison's work has demanded often an intensity of application few men could have given. Perhaps the isolation of his life has made possible this concentration. Perhaps a great deal of this ability has been due to the contributions of Mrs. Edison.

"I have had a definite life job—the intimate service of Thomas A. Edison. And it has been worth everything I could give—worth it a thousand times over."

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Secretaries say:—

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
 "Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."
 "I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
 "Nothing doing till 3 and then two days work."
 "No one else can read my notes."
 "Hours wasted while he's in conference."
 "Yes, I do mind staying late."
 "Cold notes are maddening."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

James N. Collins

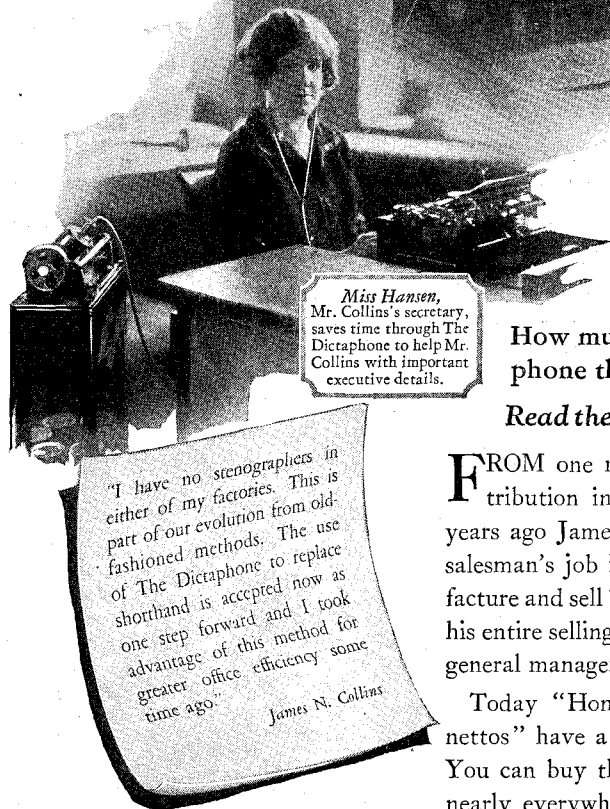
in 12 years rolled up a business of several million dollars annually on the 5-cent packaged candies, "Honey Scotch" and "Walnettos."

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Executives say:—

"She can't get out all she's taken."
 "I'm forced to cut dictation short."
 "She can't help me with other things."
 "If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
 "If she could only take it as fast as I think."
 "Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
 "Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."
 "I had all this clear in my mind last night."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.



Miss Hansen, Mr. Collins's secretary, saves time through The Dictaphone to help Mr. Collins with important executive details.

Shorthand couldn't keep pace with his business—

How much faster can a man build up his business with The Dictaphone than when he's shackled by slow, old-fashioned shorthand?

Read the story of James N. Collins below—then note our coupon offer.

FROM one man to international distribution in 12 years! Only twelve years ago James N. Collins quit a cigar salesman's job in Minneapolis to manufacture and sell "Honey Scotch." He was his entire selling force, shipping-clerk and general manager.

Today "Honey Scotch" and "Walnettos" have a daily output of 25 tons. You can buy these delicious confections nearly everywhere in the United States and South America.

Mr. Collins says that The Dictaphone helped materially in the growth of his business. For The Dictaphone permits him to maintain as close supervision of

his organization today as when he was his own general manager. First thing in the morning he dictates to The Dictaphone instructions for his foremen, then he talks into the mouthpiece all engagements, plans for conferences—everything due for the next two days. With The Dictaphone at his elbow all day, he utilizes every spare moment and cleans up his heavy correspondence as he finds the time.

As for Miss Hansen, Mr. Collins' secretary—with The Dictaphone she handles all his correspondence and memoranda, and also attends to the routing of 75 salesmen. She has time for the executive duties that make her a responsible assistant.

Dictate to the Dictaphone

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Which of these coupons will you send, as the first step to "doubling your ability to get things done"?

Give The Dictaphone a trial. We will gladly lend you a machine to test any way you like.

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau St., New York City
 Gentlemen: Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try—without expense or obligation. Leave it to me to judge by results, not by salesmen's reasons or other people's success. Thank you.

Name.....
 (Please pin this to your letterhead)

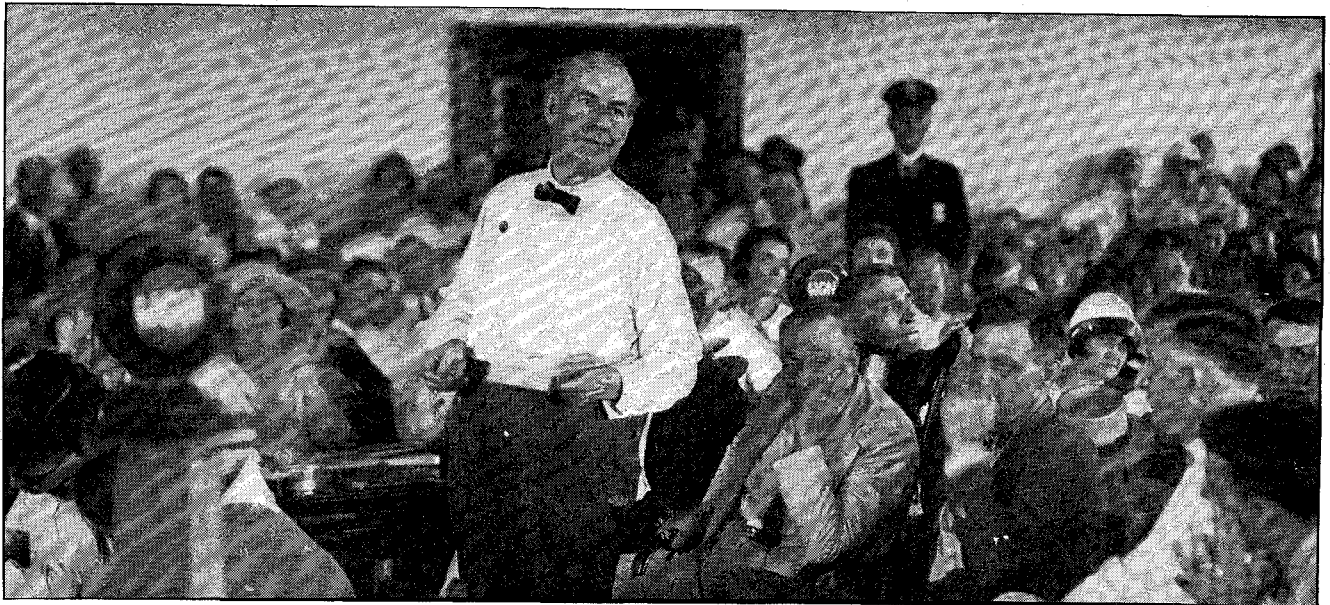
DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau St., New York City
 I want to see what leading executives or secretaries themselves say about increasing their ability by discarding shorthand. So please send me your booklet "What's Wrong with Shorthand."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I am a Secretary ☐
 (Check One)

Executive ☐
 (Please pin this to your letterhead)



P. & A. photograph

THE LAST FIGHT OF A GREAT FIGHTING AMERICAN

A dramatic passage in the earlier days of the world-famed Scopes trial, when William Jennings Bryan made an emotional oration defending the Biblical account of creation and denouncing evolution as "guesses strung together."

THE DAYTON BATTLE MAY HAVE BEEN BRYAN'S DOOM

THAT THE HEART of the great "Commoner" broke when he saw the people of Dayton surging to congratulate Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone after the court-room battle over evolution is the picture now being given to us by the press correspondents who were there. In fact, the "tournament of intellects" at Dayton, with its clashing of strong personalities, has attained a new and historical interest, in the judgment of many writers, as a result of the sudden death of the man who was, they all agree, its most commanding figure. With the passing of William Jennings Bryan so soon after the conclusion of the Scopes trial, the chronicles of the latter event are being searched and quoted for their bearing on "the last days and the last thoughts of one of the most noted Americans of his time," and also on the personalities with whom he came into conflict in his struggle to keep the teaching of evolution out of the schools of Tennessee. During the course of the Scopes trial many chroniclers described Mr. Bryan's reactions to the opposing shafts of Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone. There were more than a few comments on his vigor in the give and take of court-room debate and in the delivery of oratorical periods, but there were also a few on a certain "weariness" and "lack of fire" discerned by writers who had witnessed his performances in earlier years. Both these views are reflected by a writer in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Forrest Davis, who, while describing Mr.

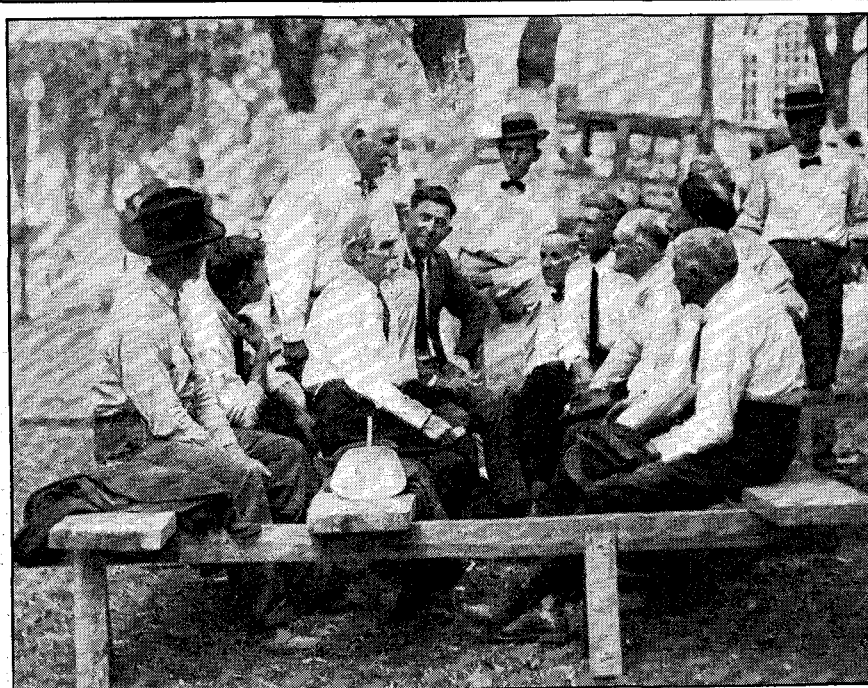
Bryan as seemingly "at the top of his physical powers," intimated that he appeared cast down by some of the episodes of the trial. We read:

In his first talk with reporters—after he had swung energetically down Dayton's Main Street, coatless and under a pith helmet—Mr. Bryan showed that he regarded himself as a man dedicated to a sacred mission. Altho he permitted himself a secular jest, concerning his father's baldness and poor handwriting, he took on a tone of severe exaltation whenever the issues were touched upon.

But it was in his speeches to the Tennesseans, in dining-hall and chapel, that Mr. Bryan most clearly manifested the burning faith that consumed him. Before the Progressive Dayton Club, where he said what was construed by reporters to be the declaration of a fight to put the Bible into the Constitution, he pledged his best efforts to the war on "scientific speculation."

It required the setting of a pitch-black mountain-top, with the rays of a lamp and distant lightning flashes for illumination, to bring out his zeal most dramatically. At Morgan Springs, where he addressed 100 vacationists, Daytonians and mountaineers before the trial opened, he called for a world-wide revival of interest in the old-time religion.

This movement, he prophesied passionately, would sweep out of the Fundamental South; it would cross the seas until all lands had been subjected to its benevolent surge. One of the fruits would be the expulsion from the schools of such science as conflicts with the Holy Word. In these primitive surroundings, with the lamp-light picking out Mr. Bryan's stalwart figure dimly, he appeared the embodiment of an ancient



P. & A. photograph

MIGHT BE GOSSIPS ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

But these are the Tennessee jurors who found Scopes guilty of teaching the Darwinian doctrine—photographed outside the court-house.

Hebrew prophet condemning the false gods of his people.

A bearded father in Zion, carted in his wheel-chair miles across the hills by sons, muttered Amens through shrunken gums. These and Mr. Bryan's words were the only sounds save for an intermittent undertone of thunder. The rumble of the departing storm seemed a faint reminder of the puissance of the God the speaker was invoking.

The audience, on rude chairs and standing under the box elders, held its peace. It was inexpressibly moved before the great Evangel of the Lord; magnetized as countless thousands of others had been by the witchery of the Bryan voice, the persuasiveness of the Bryan conviction and his indomitable spirit.

But in his court-room tilt with Dudley Field Malone, Mr. Bryan's demeanor lost some of its confidence, according to Mr. Davis, who writes:

When the court-room, packed with Tennesseans from mountain and plain, a people naturally sympathetic with conservative Christianity and acutely responsive to impassioned rhetoric, preferred Malone, it hurt Mr. Bryan.

Whether he himself regarded the defection of his followers to the cosmopolitan lawyer for the defense as a signal that his dialectic prowess had failed can not, of course, be determined. What could be seen was that he bent his head as if in prayer for a moment, while the applause died away, and then redoubled his directive activity.

Even Mr. Bryan's supporters admitted disappointment over his share of the brutal give and take between himself and Mr. Darrow under the courtyard trees. Through his career the Commoner had been distinguished by an ability to dismay and confuse those who questioned him in public.

But here, sitting uneasily in a swivel-chair on a pine plank platform, wielding a palm-leaf fan, his features strained by the ordeal by word, Mr. Bryan met sneer with angry retort; he appealed unhappily from his inquisitor to the sympathetic crowd.

"That isn't the old Bryan," whispered a veteran political correspondent.

Every one, friend and foe alike in that harsh atmosphere, hoped Mr. Bryan would regain his mental assurance and agility in the final address to the jury. That address, on which he had worked steadfastly for two months and which he had expected to match the "Cross of Gold" speech, was not given because of the abrupt termination of the trial.

But Mr. Bryan looked forward to delivering it in a cross-country tour. He toiled over a revision of the manuscript almost to the end, according to the Associated Press reports. Armed with apostolic fervor and this speech, the Fundamentalist advocate expected to kindle fires of faith that would sweep evolution from the schools and leave a clear path for a great revival of religion.

It is certain that the fallen leader never committed himself more passionately to any political or economic ideal than he did to the cause of Scriptural infallibility.

Endless diversities of opinion concerning the leading personalities of the anti-evolution trial were characteristic of the proceedings at Dayton, according to other correspondents. *The Times* contained a Dayton dispatch describing what seemed to be a

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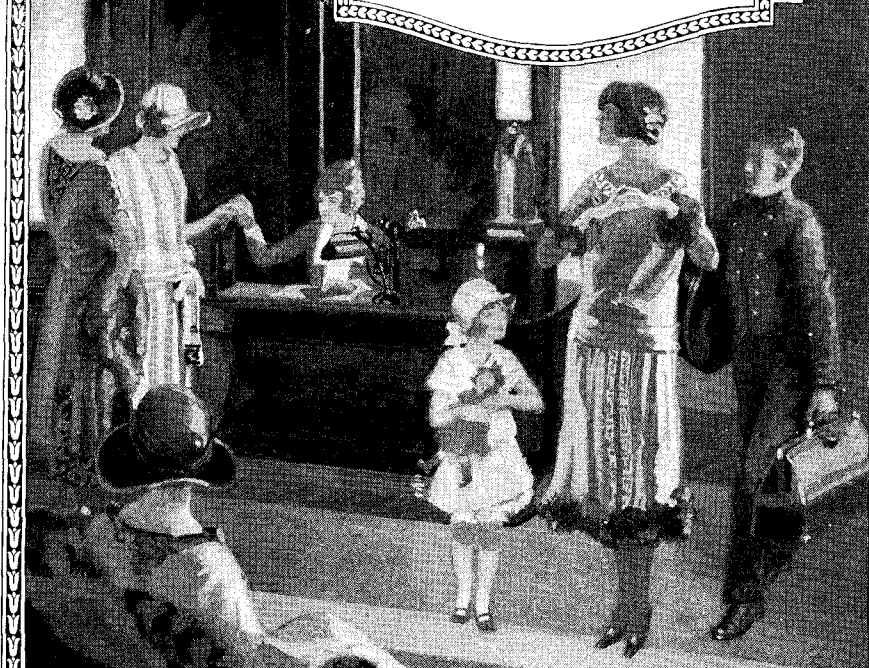
Number of Rooms	Rates for Rooms	
	1 Person	2 Persons
73	\$2.50	\$4.00
129	3.00	4.50
33	4.00	5.50
141	4.00	6.00
78	4.50	6.50
268	5.00	7.00
146	6.00	8.00
158	7.00	9.00

1026 Guest Rooms

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Breakfast..... 50c and 70c	Dinner..... \$1.25
Luncheon..... 85c	Sunday Dinner..... 1.50

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popular reaction in favor of the Chicago attorney. We read:

When John Thomas Scopes, the young school-teacher, was found guilty to-day of teaching the theory of evolution, as every one had expected, a strange thing happened in the Rhea County Court-house, where so many strange things have happened since the strange trial started.

The so-called Fundamentalists of Tennessee, who had seemed so overwhelmingly in favor of the law, who had cheered the utterances of counsel defending faith in the Bible against the "heresies" of scientists, stormed Clarence Darrow, the agnostic, to shake his hand.

Men and women rushed behind the bar the moment Judge Raulston adjourned court. They surged about Mr. Darrow, pushing each other to get at him. They brought up their children, who also wanted to shake his hand, and members of the jury came up smiling and offered their hands.

In a moment Mr. Darrow was holding a reception, and for a little while William Jennings Bryan, the Fundamentalist leader, seemed forgotten. Presently, after the crowd had shaken Mr. Darrow's hand, it went more leisurely to Mr. Bryan, but for a half hour the group about the Chicago lawyer was undiminished. He was congratulated for his rationalism, his utterances and his courage, and from many came invitations to visit other Tennessee communities to speak, and from the jury came regrets that they did not hear him.

R. L. Gentry, the juror who is a country school-teacher and farmer, a little middle-aged man with a long drooping mustache, like that of the old Indian fighter, seemed to speak for all the jurors.

"We were sorry we didn't get a chance to hear you," he said. "We all wanted to hear what you had to say, and we heard practically nothing."

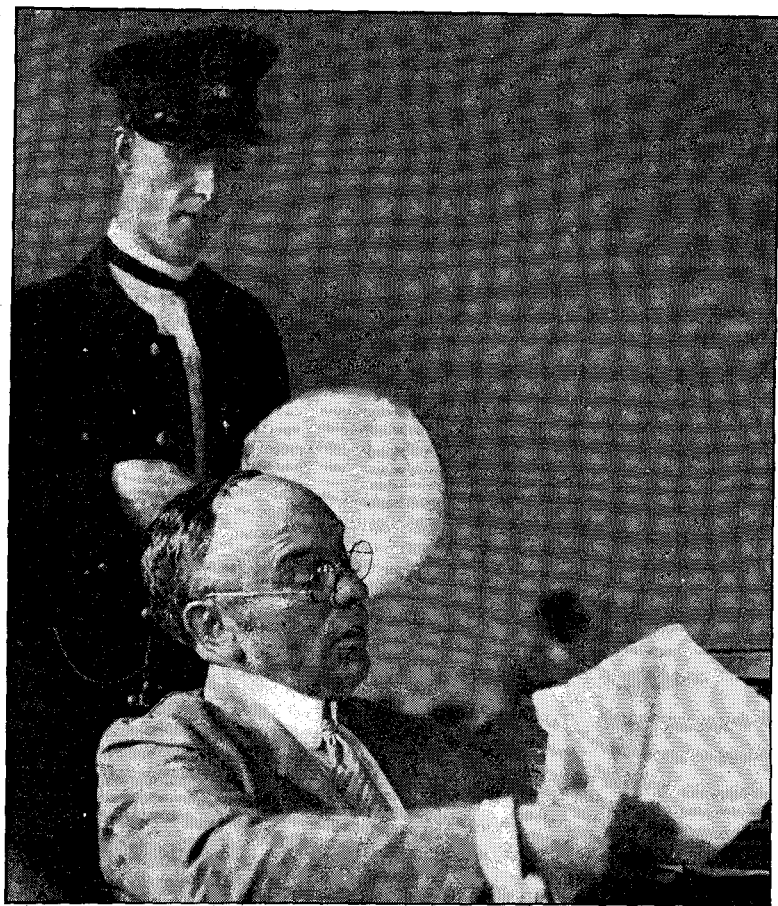
Those who had seen Mr. Darrow only "in action" this half-hour of repose when he was receiving the greetings of the country folks, got another picture of the man whose demeanor in the court-room had been so skeptical, so pessimistic, so sardonic in his references to "Mr. Bryan's religion." They saw the stern, yellow face with the disillusioned eyes soften into smiles, while the eyes lighted up with pleasure. He was as delighted as a boy and seemed as shy, and when a small boy was brought up to shake hands with him he put his arm about the lad's shoulders and held him close as if from the child he got strength to bear up under the adulations of the grown-ups.



P. & A. photograph

MR. DARROW IN A "CLINCH"

Pictorial history has seized a moment of heart-to-heart conference between the agnostic attorney and the devout Ben McKenzie, former Attorney-General of Tennessee.



P. & A. photograph

THE JUDGE HAD HIS FAN-BEARER

It was warm enough for this Oriental luxury when Judge Raulston, as shown above, read one of his important decisions.

The climax of attack and defense between Mr. Darrow and Mr. Bryan is thus described in the *New York Sun*:

Under the eyes of more than 3,000 persons who prest closer and closer to the wooden platform built against the north side of the court-house two men were sharply and unforgetably outlined against the background of the Scopes trial yesterday.

For two hours the hoarse, drawling voice of Clarence Darrow prodded and goaded William Jennings Bryan, and for two hours Bryan alternately defended his religious faith and stormed against the agnosticism of his questioner. And at the end of two hours, when Bryan seemed near a hysterical outburst as a result of the inquisition, Judge Raulston, who had been reading a newspaper during most of the incredible scene, adjourned court abruptly.

The 3,000 spectators who hung upon the two voices, one hoarse and slow, the other metallic and confident, paid no heed to the coughing of the engine on the railroad tracks fifty yards away, to the stutter of a flivver starting up across the street, to the wail of a child's balloon, repeated over and over again, to the cry of "cold drinks, cold drinks" coming from the edge of the crowd, or to the choking crying of a baby in the crowd, instantly hushed by its mother.

When Bryan left his seat at the prosecution table and walked over to the swivel-chair in front of Judge Raulston to appear as a willing witness for the defense, the air of Chautauqua was over the impromptu outdoor court. The semicircle of benches around the platform was filled with those who had left the court-room above when Judge Raulston had adjourned court because of the possibility that the overburdened floor there might collapse. Around the semicircle of the seated, as many again were standing, reaching well out from the court-house.

Just before Bryan took the stand, there had been an amusing wrangle between the defense and prosecution over the question of whether a large sign, "Read Your Bible," should be removed from the court-house wall as prejudicial to the case of the defense when placed right before the noses of a Fundamentalist jury. The sign was removed by order of Judge Raulston. The crowd laughed and was at ease.

But not for long. Bryan walked over to the swivel-chair, his palm-leaf fan in his hand, his mouth fixt and confident. He turned and faced Darrow, and his profile, strong and confident, was toward the crowd. Darrow rose, his chin a little forward, his forehead puckered, his hands thrust through the

gray suspenders that came down over his blue shirt. He was questioning Bryan as a defense witness, as an acknowledged authority on the Bible, to supplement statements submitted by the defense in support of the defense contention that there is no conflict between the Bible and the facts of evolution. The testimony was for the record only.

Drawing from Bryan the preliminary statement that he believed that everything in the Bible "should be accepted as it is given," Darrow went on, question by question, compelling Bryan to say that he believed literally in the Biblical stories of Jonah and the whale, Joshua and the sun, the flood and the Tower of Babel. The questions and answers did not flow smoothly. They were interrupted several times when Bryan wheeled his chair toward the intent crowd, rose to his feet, and snapt at Darrow the agnostic, rather than Darrow the attorney. They were interrupted when Bryan shouted: "They didn't come here to try this case; they came here to try revealed religion. I'm here to defend revealed religion."

And Darrow snarled back: "You insult every man of science and learning with your fool religion."

Then he led him back to those two chapters of Genesis that have been at the heart of this trial; and Bryan declared, after whirling uncomfortably in his chair, that he did not believe that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each, and that he did not believe that the world was created exactly 5,929 years ago.

A second later he was on his feet, his face red with anger, waving his palm-leaf fan at Darrow.

"I am willing to stand here and reveal the fact that these gentlemen have no purpose except to ridicule those who believe in Christianity," he shouted.

"We are here to oppose ignoramuses and bigots who are against education," Darrow retorted.

Bryan turned until he almost faced the crowd, packed shoulder to shoulder under the shade of the maples.

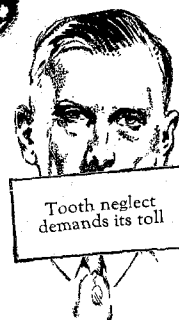
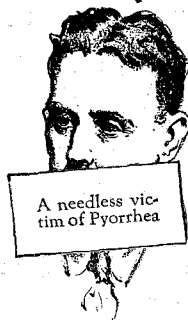
"I am trying to protect the Word of God against the greatest agnostic in the United States," he stormed. "The agnostics are trying to force agnosticism into the schools of Tennessee."

There were rebel yells from the crowd. Again the raised gavel of the bailiff. In those yells there were notes dangerously close to ridicule. Bryan's crowd was not all his.

Tom Stewart, the serious-minded, politically ambitious Attorney-General, tried to stop the inquisition, but Judge Raulston ruled that it should go on. Bryan was a willing witness, he told the Judge. He swung around to Darrow and said: "Any atheist or agnostic or unbeliever can question me, and I'm not afraid to stand up and declare my belief in God."

Dudley Field Malone interrupted the scattered "Amen's" from the crowd. "Your Honor," he said, "we are not trying this case on Mr. Darrow's agnosticism or Mr. Bryan's brand of Christianity." There was spirited applause for this, the most sincere of the afternoon.

Darrow and Bryan got back on the ground of Genesis, Bryan declaring that he did not think the word "day" in Genesis was to be taken literally, but that it meant a period of time, any period of time. This was his impression, he said, and he would not quarrel with any man who believed that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each. It was equally possible for God, he insisted, to create the world in six days or six months or six years or six centuries. He was back



4 out of 5

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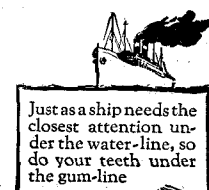
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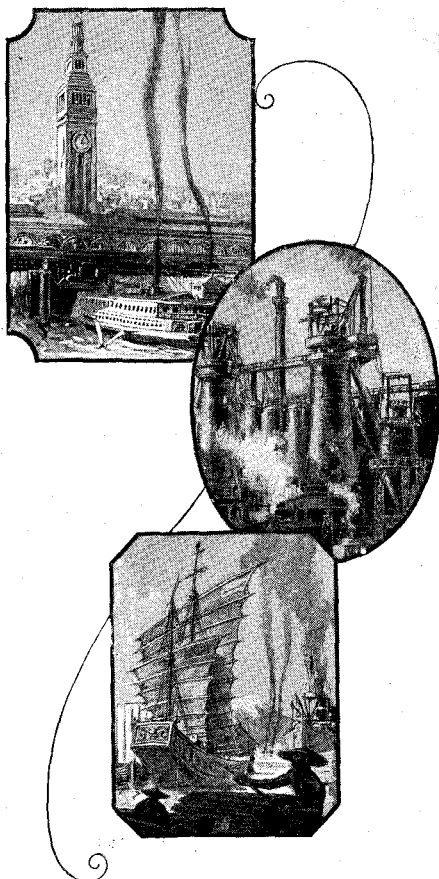
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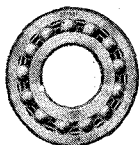
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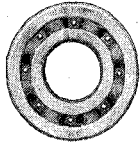
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

in his chair, calm again, his mouth still angry. If the "day" of Genesis were a period, Darrow asked, how did he explain the words, "and the evening and the morning were the first day."

"If I'm not able to explain it, I'll accept it," Bryan answered, "and you can explain it to suit yourself."

Darrow turned a few pages of the Bible, looked over his glasses at Bryan and asked him if he believed that all women suffered the pains of childbirth because Eve ate the apple in the garden. Fretted by the questioning, Bryan objected to Darrow's language and insisted that he frame his questions direct from the Bible.

"So far," Darrow said drily, "I've read it just as the Almighty wrote it."

That passage-at-arms was followed by what the *Baltimore Sun* called "the most dramatic incident of the dramatic afternoon, involving a demonstration of the younger people of Dayton toward Mr. Darrow." We are told:

After the judge had abruptly adjourned court there was a surge of young students, girls and boys, to shake the hand of Darrow. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, eager, and excited, they looked as tho they were celebrating the victory of a championship team. And in a way so it was. Darrow, the hated, the feared, the despised; Darrow, whose agnostic name is anathema in thousands of rigidly repressed Fundamentalist households, stood to-day as the champion of the cause of youth and its freedom from the mental Chinese foot-binding that its elders would impose upon it.

Another personality that seemed to make a favorable impression on the Tennesseans, according to the correspondents, was that of Dudley Field Malone. The *Memphis Commercial-Appeal* even credits him with having "met William Jennings Bryan on his own ground of oratory" and come out victorious. Sterling Tracy, the paper's staff correspondent, wrote:

Dayton, stronghold of the faith, worshiper of the Commoner, gave the decision. Dayton thundered her verdict at the end of the speech of Malone, who followed the Fundamentalist chieftain on the floor of the court. Women shrieked their approval. Men, unmoved even by Darrow, could not restrain their cheers. Judge Raulston's gavel and the clubs of policemen were unavailing to halt the most memorable ovation of the trial.

The court did not recess. Court just broke up. People climbed over the rails to greet the New Yorker. Crowds surged into the aisle to exchange views. It was a quarter of an hour before the room could be quieted.

Malone appealed from one Bryan to another Bryan—from the Bryan who he believed was invoking the mailed fist to write Fundamentalist Christianity into the law of a State to the Bryan who once said religion could meet its enemies in the open field of reason—from the Bryan he believed was afraid to admit scientific testimony into the case to the Bryan who never before was afraid to meet evidence with evidence.

"Mr. Bryan calls this a duel," the

speaker declared. "What kind of a duel is Mr. Bryan trying to make it? He would strap the defendant to a board and hold the only weapon in his hand to pierce him through, but Mr. Bryan is wrong. This is not a duel. There can be no duel with truth. Truth needs no special privilege of law. Truth does not need Mr. Bryan."

"We do not fear this testimony. We do not fear to have our witnesses cross-questioned by the prosecution. There is the fear," he said, pointing to the counsel for the State. "There is the fear and we don't deny it. We believe we stand with progress, with intelligence, with science, with true religion, and with justice when we insist that scientists and theologians be allowed in this court to testify."

Of the personalities engaged on the side of the prosecution, the most picturesque, in the view of many correspondents, was that of Gen. Ben McKenzie, once Attorney-General of Tennessee, whose fervor in defense of the Bible turned the courtroom, we read, "into an old-fashioned camp-meeting."

HOW DEATH STALKS THE "LAST OF THE SAILORS"

A GLOUCESTER dory carries a jug of water, but no food. This detail is an important one in the story of Howard Blackburn, a Gloucester fisherman, as recounted by M. B. Levick. It was on a day in February that Blackburn and his dory mate went astray. After waiting a day and a night for their schooner, the *Abbie Deering*, to come through the fog, we are told, they "set out to row through the North Atlantic a hundred miles to Newfoundland." The two men are pictured rowing "all one day and all another day," while the sea rose and a hard northwest wind blew the spray into ice. And that night, according to the saga, Blackburn said to his mate, "Better row or you'll freeze." To which it is added that the man froze, and we are told that "Blackburn saw his hands going, so he held them so that they would freeze into hooks that would still hold the handles of the oars." Thus he rowed, the chronicle continues, and after five nights he made land. Telling the tale in the *New York Times*, Mr. Levick continues:

At the nearest shack they said: "Have some tea." But no; Blackburn led them to get his dory mate's body. He took the job of heaving it up to them. The body fell into the deep water. Blackburn went in, brought it out, and then went for the proffered tea. He lost all his fingers and toes, parts of both thumbs and half a foot, and Gloucester raised a purse to buy him a little shop in Main Street. Even that couldn't keep him from sailing long voyages alone for the fun of it.

Hardiness of that sort is not bred in one generation. A row of 175 miles in an eighteen-foot boat in rough weather is not unusual, with neither food nor water, sometimes in weather icy enough to make a schooner run for the Gulf Stream to thaw to avoid being weighted down. Some row and fail, some make land, some are picked up by liners or tramps or schooners. A

schooner may come into Gloucester with her colors at half-mast, to spy a woman on the wharf waving a shawl in mad joy. There was a case of that sort on a schooner running eight dories. The eighth disappeared in the fog. In it were the skipper's son and his brother-in-law. The schooner searched in a gale, stung by needles of ice, furrowing a hundred square miles of sea, and then gave up and skimmed the 500 miles to port. But the two in the dory beat her. A liner passed them—and passed on. Then a tramp steamer picked them up and took them into Boston.

Fifty dories may get lost in a single day and all be found, or 150 men may perish in a night.

Mr. Levick reminds us that on Gloucester's own memorial day next fall, when children cast flowers on the water, "fifteen blossoms will ride gently in the swell in commemoration of the schooner *Rex* split by the *Tuscania* in a fog on Banquereau while trawling for halibut." He gives this glimpse of the rescue of one of the survivors:

A blue-eyed man of sixty, as bronzed and as wet as a sea god, climbed from the Atlantic Ocean to the deck of the liner *Tuscania*. A moment before, the wind of Death's hand had brushed him and had dragged down his ship and fifteen of his companions. Thomas Flannagan squeezed the water from his hair; he shook his oil-skins, glancing down at the pool he made on the deck. He nodded good morning. "It's a chilly day," he said, and trudged below to have a mug up, which is coffee and a snack of whatever's handy.

Eight besides Flannagan were saved by the liner—eight who clutched wreckage or who could swim. The Banks fisherman, when he thinks of what would happen if his schooner went down, asks simply: "And where would I swim to?" In a dory, now—two or three hundred miles a week, without food or water, even two weeks? Well, men have done that often enough, sometimes in winter when they had to stop to chop away the ice lest it sink the dory. But swim?

Yet by the time the children cast their flowers in Gloucester's memorial service, Thomas Flannagan will have made more than one voyage to the Banks, coming home to tell curtly of a good trip or a poor fare of fish. Death must come closer than a whisk of its hand if it would drag a Gloucester fisherman from the sea.

There is radio now, and there is much else to make the sea a swift, narrow track for those who travel in liners of which the bridges rise higher than the topmasts of the fishing-schooners. But for the fisherman the toil and the hazards and the rewards are much what they have always been. To-day is like thirty years ago, when Kipling wrote of them in "Captains Courageous," and it is a good deal like 300 years ago, too, when Bacon called the Newfoundland fisheries "richer far than all the gold-mines of Peru." True enough; on them England built her works in the New World, but that means little to men like Thomas Flannagan, who if never poor are never rich, and think themselves well off to make \$1,000 a year from their share and wages.

They have been called the last of the sailors, these Gloucester men. The steam trawler has appeared among them. Perhaps another generation will see a new order on the Banks, coal-heavers and men handy at steam-winch, knowing nothing of sail. The generations which have produced daring



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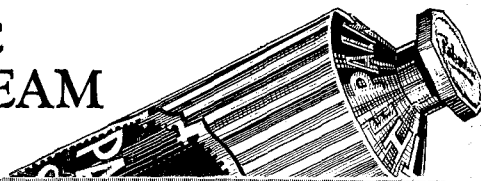
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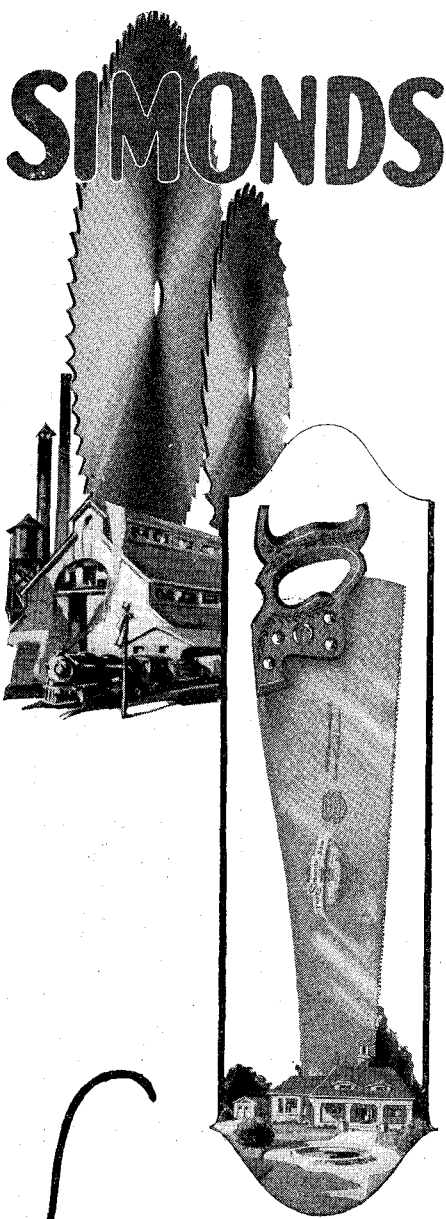


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PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

Continued

and the finest schooners in the world, a line of ships like bred race-horses, will pass over to join the whalers of New Bedford and the clipper ships. To-day, tho, the tradition lives. Whatever the future may be, the past goes back almost to man's first settlement by the sea, and the seas that are sailed from Gloucester and its littoral have created their own breed. Simple men, doing the day's work with death always to leeward or windward, reducing the spread of sail for nothing short of the devil, getting big jags of fish when the schooner is on run, or getting none at all, or looking on a gale as respite after days so lucky no man has time for more than an hour's sleep at night after dressing-down the catch. Yet relishing a joke and closing up dourly when the wondering landsman asks why men face such hazards for so little reward.

No adventurers, these, drawn from jadedness by the glamour of battle, but men like Flannagan, greeting rescue with "It's a chilly day." That was no bit of awkward bravado. The annals of the Banks are full of such bits.

Then begins the recital of a tale of dory mates engaged in trawling. What trawling means on the Banks is described in some detail. We read:

The ground line in trawling is 2,000 feet or more of tarred cotton, as thick as a pencil. Spliced into it at thirty or forty inches are the snoods or gangens, two-foot lines each with a hook. You must cut up and bait 600 hooks in thirty minutes. Then from the dory the gear in the tubs is paid out with a heaving-stick while one man rows. The gear is set and in half an hour, or after a day's wait, it is hauled in, unused bait and worthless fish being slatted off with a deft twist.

These two dory mates were hauling the trawl. Somehow both men went overboard from the little pitching boat. One caught the gunwale as the dory righted. The other was flung fifteen feet. Seaboots and oilskins are no good to swim in, and he couldn't swim anyhow. They dragged him down once; he went down again. His hand touched the trawl line. Under water, he hauled himself hand over hand along the line toward the dory. A steel hook caught his finger. He ripped it clear, wide open. Hand over hand once more, and he touched the dory. Another hook caught his clothes. With a heave—the last he had in him—he pulled himself into the boat. And then, with no ado, he finished the job in hand, which was hauling in the half-mile of loaded line.

But the dories, we are reminded, have not all the dangers. "The big losses come when schooners founder." And the writer quotes James B. Connelly, who, he says, has written of these men with the "understanding of long intimacy," and who told the story "in one sentence" when he wrote: "When a vessel goes down on the fishing-banks in a storm, she always goes down with all hands." Mr. Levick explains:

She may have no nest of dories stowed on deck. There is variety in the Banks fleets—hand-liners, trawlers, salt-fishers, making two to four trips from March to October, or market men racing back with

their cargoes on ice after ten days at sea. Whatever they may be, they run the risks of collision when the fleet is clustered and a storm comes. If they run before every gale for safety, they get no fish, and the skippers of these schooners are picked not alone for seamanship but for the knack of getting fish.

A schooner with poles stript may ride out a gale, with the wheel lasht and every soul below, holding to what is handiest. Or she may not. A roster of fifty-two years showed 419 Gloucester fishing-vessels lost with 2,249 lives. The run-off to the grounds is like a yacht race, and the race to market is a race in truth, but Gloucester is a city of mourning.

It is not only collision or being caught by a bad Banks storm with anchor down. There is, as with the *Tuscania* and the *Rex*, the fog. The charts of those waters show a contrast—the steamer lanes and the line of the 100-fathom curve which marks the Banks where the ocean floor rises and corrals the fish in a depth of from ten to 160 fathoms. Here where the charts show derelicts at times, close to an area marked "Region of great sea waves," there is a line of lettering which says: "50 to 55 per cent. days with fog." The Banks—Grand Bank, Western, La Have, Middle and Banquereau, or Quero, and George's Shoal—which lies southward, off Cape Cod—are no playground.

And the fog? The *Tuscania's* master is a writer, too. Capt. David W. Bone has written of this: "North Atlantic weather! Nine months Winter and three months fog! . . . Eyes? One might as well have no eyes." And, in the preface to "The Brassboulder," he describes such a fog as that he met the morning Thomas Flannagan came aboard the *Tuscania* as she stood by:

"Stop both engines! The aural machine has made a contact; we have heard something from the outer world—a faint, indefinite trumpeting that sounds from somewhere ahead. The wash under the bows subsides to a line of bubbles as the ship loses headway and we bring up in a lazy drift. Our siren roars and an answering wail comes out of the fog. A hand-horn! A fisherman at his lines. We lie stopt for a brief space to make sure of his bearing, then move slowly, turning east a point to give him seaway. We hear him trumpeting furiously until he is well astern, but—peer as we may—see no loom of his sails through the haze. Thick enough! We had not looked for a banksman at work in the deep gully. Likely he will have his dories out, spread over a mile or more of the sea. We shall have to tune our ears to pick up any faint hail. . . . Burr-r-r-raah-oop, roars the siren and we resume our course and slow progress."

Thus it was, with the ear attuned too late, when the seventy-five-ton *Rex* went down at four o'clock in the morning, the beginning of another day's work, carrying Capt. Thomas Downey, thirteen of the schooner's gang and nine-year-old Charlie, son of the cook. The *Tuscania* did all she could, but the fatality of the Banks was at work. Hand-horns, torches, guns, and bells, and tense men in oilskins shouting from the rail, may be of no more avail than a torch aflame on a dory's gunwale.

It is not all tragedy among the bankers, however. Men do other things than clinging six hours to an upturned dory in a rough sea. There are stories of Jonahs in the fleet, and of miraculous halibuts with initials cut in them, recaught after a year by the man who did the cutting. The humor is sometimes grim, as in Gloucester's still-talked-of

anniversary race of 1892, when a sixty-mile gale did not prevent the skippers from lashing the halyards aloft so no man might take it on himself to spoil chances of victory in his fear of capsizing. The *Harry Belden* won on her beam ends, with two men lasht to the wheel. They were sometimes up to their waists in water when she rolled, and again they were up to their necks. His companion at the wheel looked at the captain, Maurice Whalen. "She rolled low down that, skipper," he remarked. "She did," said the skipper, "and she'll roll lower yet before the sail comes off her."

A skipper must be able to do that, and to tell where he is on this Bank or that by the depth and the mud that comes up on the tallowed sounding-lead. He must know how to rule men who call the old man by his first name, how to get to Market and what to do there, where the fish are and where they're going, and how to turn out all hands for a two or three man job just to show there is no favoritism. There is no end to the intricacies of his craft, and if he doesn't know them by second nature, he finds it hard to get a gang together. It takes a long schooling, more wary than following the phosphorescent water fire of mackerel with the lantern hid in the bow of the seine boat and more forthright than the job of clubbing a 300-pound halibut to peacefulness after it has fought its fight beside the dory. But to be exact, mackerel seining is not properly a Bank fishery.

This schooling has little spells of ten minutes, which is sometimes as long as a man can hold the wheel without freezing, and it has periods of interminable patience. But it turns out men like the skipper of the *Eleanor*. She went on the rocks. The schooner *Dawn* stood by. It was a battle, but a boat got all hands to the *Dawn*. Then the *Eleanor's* captain slapped his thigh, called for a volunteer crew and went back in the surf to the wreck that was teetering to slip into deep water. He remembered that they had forgotten Christopher, the ship's dog. And Christopher was waiting with one ear cocked.

They run to fine names and homely ones in the Banks fleet: the *Bellerophon*, the *Bessie W. Somes*, *Bunker Hill*, *Victor* and *Corinna Bishop*, and they remember that Gloucester was a fishing-station in 1624. In summer, with the topmasts up, or in winter, under Bank sail, they're the finest schooners in the world. Let Europe have her steam trawlers if she wants. So says Gloucester. Cod, haddock, halibut—the sea's free to work in and it's never worked out.

Job and His Comforters.—

I'm sorely pained—
In fact, appalled;
I've ascertained
I'm growing bald.

—Fred Myers.

Don't make a fuss,
But count it bliss—
It's cooler thus
On days like this.

—Ted Robinson in *Plain Dealer*.

And think how much
Good coin you save;
You never need
A marcelle wave.

—Charlie Leedy in the *Youngstown Telegram*.

No one but a
Bald-headed man
Appreciates
A ceiling fan.

—Houston Post-Dispatch.



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—and without bleaching or harsh grit.
The way foremost dentists now are urging.

DULL TEETH, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening and lack firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

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BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

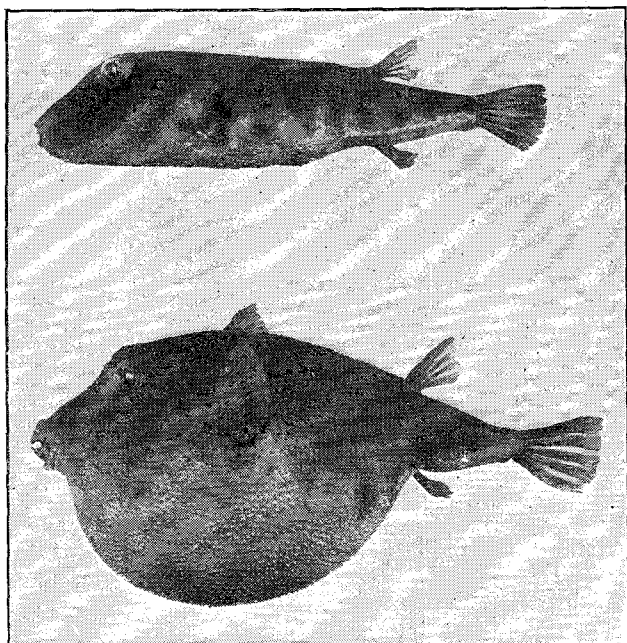
MALAYA'S WEIRD JUNGLE FOLK

TO WAKE UP ONE MAY MORNING in England and to waken a month later in the depths of the Malay jungle is not at all the same thing. In England, the birds sing high above the peaceful green fields, but in the jungle of Pahang there are about seven hundred kinds of birds; deer bark, and some are so small they can be slipped into a coat pocket; bee-eaters and king-fishers, brilliant in their gorgeous plumage, fly among the forest trees tangled with vines. Bizarre forms of animal life creep, crawl, and fly, while dolphins and porpoises gambol near the Malaya shores. Weird land! where nothing is like the familiar things of our life, but everything assumes the far-away, dreamlike quality of the fairy-tales of the Orient. Mr. Carveth Wells, in his intensely fascinating book, "Six Years in the Malay Jungle" (Doubleday Page & Company) recounts some of the wonders he met there when a railroad surveyor for the British Government:

That morning I saw high up in the trunk of a dead tree a large hole through which was pouring a constant stream of bees, some entering, others leaving. As I watched them, I was astonished to see emerge from the beehive and dive into the river ahead of us a wonderful pink, green and blue kingfisher. He looked like a jewel as he flashed from the hive into the sunlight and splashed in and then out of the water, carrying in his beak a small fish. With this he flew straight to the old tree and disappeared into the beehive again. "He's clever," said Sahar, and he obviously was, because the bees took no notice of their lodger, and I'm certain no human being would have willingly robbed that bird's nest. Of course, the bird may have been there before the bees, and the bees may have decided to prepare a new kind of honey flavored with fish—you never can tell!

Speaking of birds! What about Wallace's "Maleo"?

Here is a Malayan bird that is about as big as an ordinary fowl and lays an egg almost as big as itself which it places upright in a large hole in the sand, covers with sand, and leaves for the sun to hatch. Occasionally it lays its egg in a hole close to a hot spring for the necessary warmth. As soon as the egg hatches, out flies the chick into a neighboring tree. It has grown its wings inside the egg and has already become independent.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE MALAY PUFFING-FISH

"The fish began to get fat, it swallowed air in big gulps and, as its body swelled, it grew round and tight like a ball. Then Noh whacked it on the ground. It bounced up into the air, fell back into the water, squirted the air out, and swam away—a perfectly sound Malay puffing-fish."

But if you find these facts about jungle birds hard to believe, I wonder what you will think about some of the jungle spiders. Mark Twain said that a spider in Bermuda once stole his boots, but here in the Malayan jungle, some of the spiders, I believe, not only could have stolen his boots but could have eaten them,



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York

"WHOO, WHOO, WHOO, WHOO, HA, HA, HA, HA!"

"What on earth made that noise?" "It was only a bird, sir." But what a bird! It was about five feet long, and had short legs and black and white feathers and a beak about a foot long with a huge casque on top. It was blest with the name of "hornbill."

too. I saw one spider's web so strong that when it touched my head it knocked my hat off. I had to cut it down with my knife in order to pass by. And one day I saw up in a tree on the side of the river a big spider who had decided that he wanted to go across without wetting his feet. He was spinning out a single thread, which the wind was blowing across the river. I could see the beautiful silver thread getting longer and longer, wafted well above the water, until it touched a tree on the opposite bank. Then the spider walked across on his own private bridge to explore the jungle on the other side.

Of all his varied experiences in the Malay Peninsula, the one that made the most impression was his first day's engineering work in the jungle. As he tells it:

Yorkshire and I had separate boats. Heavy rain had evidently fallen during the night in the mountains, because the river was swollen, and as soon as we pushed off from the bank, our boats were swirled away down the stream. I saw Yorkshire seize a paddle and heard him yell; his coolies instantly began paddling frantically. I myself was seized with the same excitement, I also gave a yell and there followed the most exciting boat-race I have ever taken part in.

Malays usually regard any one who paddles a boat down the stream as crazy, but when there is a race in prospect their sporting instinct is aroused. I paddled and shouted like mad as my boat passed the two laden with coolies and began to creep up on Yorkshire's. Just when victory seemed within our reach, a most amazing thing happened. Ahead of us and swimming swiftly

across the river was a water-snake about three feet long. The snake was making straight for Yorkshire's boat, when the coolies noticed it, ceased their paddling, and began beating the water with their paddles. They managed to drive off the snake, which passed the stern of Yorkshire's boat, hesitated for a moment, and made toward mine. It was our turn to start beating the water, but the snake somehow or other got into the boat, and immediately there was a wild stampede to opposite ends of the boat. The snake appeared slightly bewildered, but after contemplating us, it calmly slipped over the side of the boat and continued its journey across the river.

I had similar experiences with water-snakes on several occasions, and the Malays say that a water-snake never swims across a river without inspecting every obstacle in its path, no matter whether it is a boat, a log of wood, or a man swimming.

To evolve some natural wonder in the Malay jungle any one has only to move along and soon the wonder will happen. Mr. Wells was out in a shower that made it necessary for him to take a boat right up to his house. Other jungle folk were also out in this same shower, and saved their lives, as Mr. Wells relates, by great presence of what might be a form of mind:

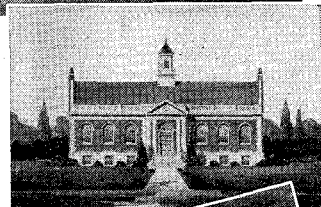
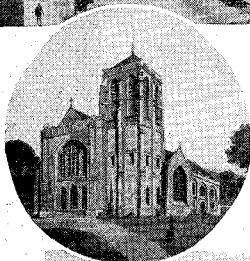
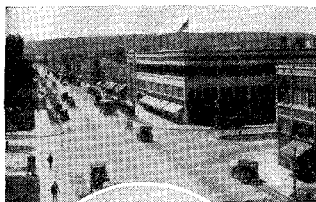
Just to see how deep the rain water was, I stepped out of the boat. The water came over my knees, and I wondered what happened to the ants when a flood comes. My question was almost immediately answered when I noticed coming toward me on the surface of the water a big brown ball, about one foot in diameter. It was slowly turning over and over, and when I examined it I found that it was a solid ball of ants all clinging together for dear life and taking it in turns to have a ducking! Soon the ball touched a tree-trunk, and immediately the ants climbed up into the tree and saved their lives!

I have never seen so many different kinds of ants as in the Malay jungle. Some were so tiny that they could scarcely be seen, while others were more than an inch long and stood half an inch high. Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews told me that when he was in Borneo he had great difficulty in catching animals in his traps because the Malayan ants were so huge that one of them was sufficient to spring a trap, and as the ants invariably found the traps before the larger animals did, trapping was seriously interfered with.

One day when I was standing beside a large tree, amusing myself by cutting off slices of the bark, I uncovered a hollow in the tree in which there were ten large ants about half an inch long. They looked lovely and silky, but instead of rushing aimlessly about the way most ants do, these stood still. No doubt the sudden removal of the bark covering their home surprised them, but they were evidently ready for any emergency. Taking my pocketknife I opened the large blade and slowly moved the point toward them. When it was about two inches from them they lined up into absolutely straight rows and, as if at a word of command, simultaneously bent their bodies double and squirted ten jets of formic acid so accurately that a crystal drop of the poison immediately formed upon the end of the blade.

Fish in this queer land would, of course,

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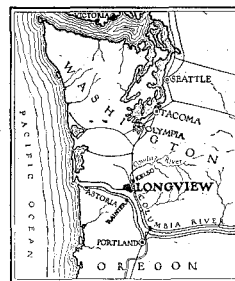
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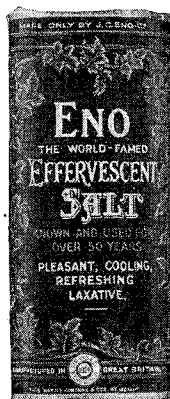
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

be expected to do strange things, and they are up to expectation. Says Mr. Wells:

That afternoon Noh took me with him when he went fishing in his father's rice-field. It was almost harvest-time, and the rice was nearly as tall as the boy. Instead of one good-sized rod, he carried no less than twenty little rods, each about two feet long, and he stuck them all over the field, leaving the hooks dangling in the water in which the rice was growing. When he had set all the rods, he went back to the first one, took off a fish about three inches long, and put it into a basket. He then went from rod to rod until he had caught about a hundred fish. He was ready to start home but, just to amuse himself, he picked out one of the fish and rubbed it on the ground. The fish began to get fat, it swallowed air in big gulps and, as its body swelled, it grew round and tight like a ball. Then Noh whacked it on the ground. It bounced up into the air, fell back into the water, squirted the air out, and swam away—a perfectly sound Malay puffing-fish. It was new to me then, but afterward it became familiar enough. I have seen Malay boys with several fish blown up tight prick them with a knife to hear them pop, but those did not swim again.

Plants, too, behave strangely. As we read:

Eventually we got so far upstream that we could not go on in the boats; so we abandoned them and entered the jungle. That day, when I was walking along an old elephant track, I came to a little bush about a foot high, covered with red flowers. I thought I would have a boutonniere; so I picked a flower. As soon as I touched the bush, its leaves closed up, its branches folded themselves, and it lay down. I waited quietly and watched it as it slowly and cautiously came to life again. I blew at it, and altho it was used to real wind, it recognized the artificial breeze and at once lay down flat. It was a mimosa, or sensitive plant. Later, I saw large areas of it lie down when a buffalo began to eat one edge. It is very convenient on a golf course because you never lose a ball; you see, if the ball goes into the rough, one of the bushes lies down!

So many things live in your house in Malaya that in order to lead a somewhat quiet existence it is necessary to pitch a tent inside the house. The house roof is made of the Nipa palm leaf and cockroaches go up to eat it. Says Mr. Wells:

Then the lizards went up to eat the roaches; then something else went up to eat the lizards; last of all the snakes went up to eat everything. So I did what every engineer in Malaya does: I pitched a tent inside my house.

Still I was beset by creatures that creep and fly. As I sat at my table, drawing a plan, something dropt on my head and things began crawling over my neck. I brushed them off and found that my fingers were covered with tiny white spiders. Above me a spider as big as a saucer was walking along. She had attached to her a kind of soup plate in which she was carrying her babies; but she had tript over something and I got the soup. A little later, when I was resting in a long chair,

I heard a noise like this: "Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, ha, ha, ha, ha!" I called one of my servants and asked, "What on earth made that noise?" "It was only a bird, sir," he answered. But what a bird! I thought when I saw it. It was about five feet long from one end to the other, and it had short legs and black and white feathers and a beak about a foot long with a huge casque on top. It was blest with the name of "hornbill."

In the course of time I grew familiar with the squawks of the Malayan tree hornbill, and I could tell the sound of his great wings quite a mile away. The Malays called him the feathered oddity. Tho his beak is huge, his tongue is tiny. So he is compelled to feed by throwing his food from the tip of his beak into the air, sometimes as high as five or six feet, and letting it fall into his wide-open mouth and drop down his throat. In some respects his diet is curious. He thrives, for instance, upon strychnine, and during the nesting season he feeds it in huge quantities to his wife, whom he has put inside a large hollow tree and plastered in with mud. He has left a hole about five inches in diameter through which she can stick her beak, and there she sits, moulting for two and a half months. Her wings and her tail and all her feathers drop out. When her one or two little birds have hatched and have grown to be about as big as ducks, they help the old bird out of the tree by breaking down the mud wall, and they all come out fat and healthy, because they have been fed all the time by the male hornbill.

I am quite sure that the best time to see animals in the jungle is during a rain-storm, because otherwise their keen sense of hearing warns them. One day I was walking back to the same camp when I heard the unmistakable noise of rain in the distance. It grew louder and louder until, with a roar like thunder, the rain arrived. The jungle was so dense that the rain did not penetrate directly to the ground but rushed down the trunks of the trees and poured in streams down every branch. I was wet through almost immediately, and as I tramped along with the rain beating on the leaves like the noise of a waterfall, I saw walking in front of me two little bears about fifteen inches high. They were not cubs but the ordinary honey bear or *bruang* of Malaya.

Quickly I hid myself and watched them as they sniffed around, looking for something to eat. Suddenly, they both looked up in the air, and when I followed their gaze, I could see hanging from the branch of the tree a honeycomb about three feet long. One of the bears commenced to climb the tree but when he was about ten feet from the ground he got stuck! So his wife climbed up underneath him and gave him a bump up! And up they went, bump! bump! bump! I happened to be carrying in my hands a small shot 22 bore rifle, and when they were about twenty feet from the ground I carefully aimed at the bear on top, but I purposely aimed at the fur on his back in order not to injure him. The noise of the rain prevented the bear from hearing the faint report of the 22. And when the bullet skimmed through the fur of his hindquarters he was the most surprized bear in the world. He looked around for a second or two and then knocked his wife off the tree, scrambled down, and smacked her face! He thought she had spitefully scratched his back. Then they noticed me and as they hurried away into the undergrowth I could not help thinking how often such unjust punishments occur in our own lives, and I felt very sorry for the faithful wife.

THE MIND OF THE DOG

ON a walk down Fifth Avenue, any one can see many dogs of high degree sitting in limousines, with the traditional bored mien of the aristocrat, looking out on the passing throngs with the air suitable to the wealth which keeps them. Farther down toward Hester Street, the typical shrewd, long-headed street dog can be seen, darting out upon a stray bit of meat or a bone, and in the country the farmer dog has his individual appearance, too, free and lordly, dog of the open country. Each to his environment. How do the dogs fit themselves in this way, so that their very appearance and expression show from what strata of society they come? "Do they teach themselves by association?" "Do dogs reason?" asks Fred C. Kelly in *Collier's* (New York). Dogs are almost human, and yet is your pet as "human" in mind as you think he is? Mr. Kelly thinks so, and discusses his reasons for this conclusion:

Sometimes when my faithful old dog Badger looks up at me with a face as sweet and serene as a Madonna's, I get to wondering what is really in his mind. I know he has exceptional character, and perhaps more than ordinary dog intelligence. How far might this intelligence have been developed with constant and careful training?

This sets up a long line of thought, and the more I study the workings of a dog's mind the more capable I feel of understanding mental processes of people. For puppies and babies learn in about the same way. Indeed, psychologists have made painstaking studies of dog behavior to discover more about the animal mind—including the mind of the human animal.

It is worth while then to find out just how a puppy does learn. The only way he can learn is by association—just as a baby does. An infant discovers that if it yells loud enough and long enough somebody may pick it up or amuse it—and a puppy locked in the woodshed hits upon the same plan—only we are more intelligent toward a puppy than toward a baby and discourage the puppy from forming such objectionable habits. Since this article is to be about dogs rather than about babies, however, I must let the reader draw his own analogies.

One of the first lessons a dog must learn is to come when called, or whistled for. The average dog owner makes no special point of teaching this. He probably calls him first to feed him. After that the dog gradually associates the calling or whistling with possible food, and is glad to come. It doesn't matter whether one yells at the dog, whistles, or rings a bell; once the dog associates the signal with food, he responds. After a time the habit is so fixt that he comes just as readily at his master's whistle when he isn't hungry and expects no food.

An occasional dog owner does not trust to haphazard training, but undertakes systematically to inculcate into his dog the idea of instant obedience. He waits until the dog is especially hungry and then puts on him a training collar with little dulled spikes on the inside. These spikes, while not sharp enough actually to harm the dog, do give him a little discomfort when the leash is taut. Mister Dog is allowed to roam at the end of perhaps one hundred feet of twine. The owner whistles, calls, rings a bell, or blows a horn, at the same time pulling sharply on the long leash.

When the dog arrives he pets him and offers him food—something that he particularly likes; such as, say, a chunk of liver. Here we have the ideal conditions for building up an association—reward when he obeys, punishment (the feel of the spiked collar) when he fails to obey; even if he doesn't respond to the desire for food, to avoid feeling the little spikes on his neck when his master begins to pull on the leash, he goes.

Sometimes one more association is added, by having another man threaten the dog with a switch at the identical moment his master signals. Thus the dog finds four good reasons why he should run to his master. After a few trials, he obeys promptly without the food, leash, spiked collar, or other incentive. He has the habit.

Mr. Kelly says it is surprising how many persons haven't sense enough not to make a dog afraid to come to them:

I saw a little boy call a puppy, and when the puppy didn't understand the boy slapped him. That, of course, made the puppy less likely to mind than ever.

This forming of associations may be put to many practical uses in a dog's training. I had friends whose dog had a bad habit of growling and showing his teeth at their little boy. They were afraid to have him about and were going to shoot him. A neighbor suggested that they let the boy feed him for a few days and give him no chance to get food elsewhere. At the end of a week the dog naturally regarded the boy as his best friend and growled at him no more.

When about six months old a dog usually feels so friendly toward the world that he may follow anybody who stops to pat him. To break a dog of following people, I once hired a man to entice him away from home, and when about a block away to hit him in the face with his glove. The dog probably thought this was an accident, and the next day he followed another man who impressed him as a nice acquaintance. But the same thing happened, except that this man, instead of using his glove, hit him with a small switch. That was enough. To-day that dog doesn't trust anybody. If anybody tries to coax him to follow, he growls.

In the same way a dog can be taught to guard an automobile. Take the case of Mr. Kelly's own dog:

At first he just sat in the front seat and wagged his tail at everybody who came along. One night a man took a robe out of the car. He supposed the man knew what he was about and paid little heed to him. The next day another man came up to the car and tapped the dog across the back with a light cane. A similar episode occurred the next day. Nobody gets a chance to hit him now when he's sitting in the car. The minute anybody comes too close he barks and shows his front teeth.

Does a dog teach himself by association?

Of course he does. When he is out in the cold and barks at the front door and somebody lets him in, he goes to that door and barks the next time he desires to come in. But if he is admitted sometimes at the front door, and sometimes at the kitchen door, he finds it wise to try barking first at one place and then at the other. In other words, he uses his repertoire of effects, not knowing which will avail.

Do dogs learn by imitation?

That is a much-debated question among

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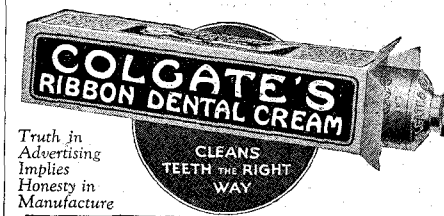
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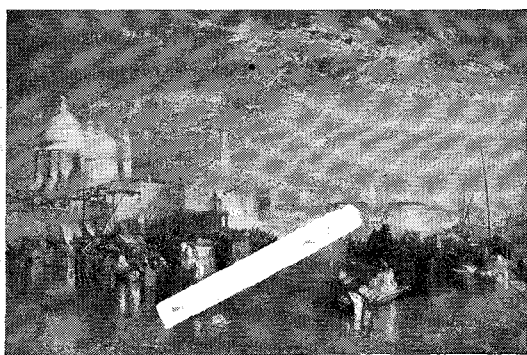
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

experimenters. Many would answer yes, because when a young dog sees another dog go and chase a rabbit, sniff at a rabbit-hole, or peer into a crack, it is likely to imitate an older dog. But this is instinctive imitation—that is, doing something that it would soon have done anyhow even if it hadn't seen it done. That is probably not what one means by imitation. The real question is whether a dog, after seeing his master or a trained dog perform a certain act, will catch the idea to try it himself. Tests by Dr. John B. Watson at Johns Hopkins University a few years ago all indicated that a dog totally lacks this kind of imitative faculty, and in this he was confirmed by the experiments of Prof. E. L. Thorndike and others.

Dr. Watson put a dog on a leash about one foot too short to let him reach a bone he wanted. Previously he had trained him to carry a little rake with a wooden handle in his mouth. Dr. Watson took the rake in his hand and pulled the bone toward him. Then he gave the rake to the dog. He took it in his mouth and could then have reached the bone, but he did not try. Watson did it before him one hundred times, occasionally even taking the handle of the rake in his own mouth, to show the possibilities of the scheme, but, tho the dog had been considered smart, he never offered to imitate his teacher.

Thorndike performed similar experiments. He would open a certain box before untrained dogs to show them how. But they never profited by seeing it done. One dog had been trained to jump on top of a box, then sit on his hind legs and beg for food. Thorndike had him do this 110 times in the presence of an untrained animal, but the latter never tried to imitate the act—just looked on in bored fashion as if he thought the capers altogether silly.

Do dogs reason?

Taking reasoning power to mean the ability to figure out a new problem, Dr. Watson denies that dogs have it. He mentions this bit of negative evidence: If you roll a ball along a floor toward the wall, at an angle, and hold a dog where he can observe that the ball will return within two or three feet of the starting-point, he might decide to stay where he is and grab the ball when it comes back. But, instead, he chases the ball clear to the wall and back again in a futile effort to overtake it. Watson made this experiment hundreds of times on different dogs without ever finding one that could figure out the short, easy way.

Watson believes that the search for reasoning in animals will forever remain futile. Why? "Because," he points out, "the big gap between mankind and brutes is made by the lack of language habits in the lower animals. Just stop and think what would happen to us if none of us humans were able to talk or communicate with one another. How much reasoning power would we develop?"

On the other hand, one or two experimenters, including L. T. Hobhouse, in England, disagree with this conclusion, and believe they have seen ample evidence of dogs learning by imitation. Hobhouse made observations of dogs' ability to find their way about a new place. He says:

"I carried a fox-terrier in a box to a room on the first floor of my house and asked her master to call her from outside. After being let out from the box and going to the

window, she appeared for a short time to be puzzled, but soon started off and went steadily out of the door, down stairs, out of the house door and around the corner to her master. Her total time was twenty-seven seconds. Apparently she was guided by what in a human being we should call common sense. Familiar with other houses, staircases, rooms, and doors, she knew how to get out of the room and out of the house."

Lloyd Morgan, a famous student of animal psychology, quotes a story about two dogs, the larger of which had a bone. So long as the smaller dog thought the other one was near, he let the bone alone. But when he heard the larger dog bark out-of-doors he evidently decided he was safe and at once took the bone.

Some years ago scientists were much interested in the astonishing feats of Don, "the talking setter," owned in Germany. He was supposed to have a speaking vocabulary of eight words which he could be induced to say when food was present and certain questions asked. But an investigation showed that to get the right responses the questions had to be always in the same order, and even the dog's barking sounds required some little imagination to be interpreted as words.

Hugh MacNair Kahler, the writer, has an Airedale terrier in Princeton, New Jersey, that is said to make use of taxicabs on his own initiative. He evidently discovered that when he jumped into a certain type of automobile with his master they soon reached home. He built up this association until it seemed natural to him to leap into such a car in moments of fatigue and nostalgia. An obliging taxicab driver did the rest.

IT BEATS A THOUSAND ZOOS

NIGHT in that great game preserve, the Superior National Forest, is an experience not soon to be forgotten—all around the great trees, which stand tall and stately, waving their aromatic branches gently against the blue-black star-sprinkled sky, and over all the sound of the stealthy noises of the denizens of these woods on their safe way through this protected area. Mr. Arthur Hawthorne Carhart, on his first visit to this wonderful region, narrates in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington) a little story of the wild life there which may only be shot by the camera. "It is better," he says, "than a trip through a thousand zoos."

The Superior National Forest is, without question, one of the greatest game preserves we own. It is as full of wild-life interest as the far-famed Yellowstone. It is a natural game country. One of its highest values lies in the wild life now there. Happily, it is now in a State game refuge, an ideal place to which the wild things may turn when driven from their old habitats by man, the hunter.

Should we, in wanton manner, slaughter our wild brothers, drive them from pillar to post, so harry their lives as to make living a nightmare, and finally blot out the species? No, a million times, no! These denizens of the wild, not being equipped to fight back, meeting high power with high power, must be given sanctuary. Man in his superiority must demonstrate that superiority by practising the theory of live and let live. Nowhere can a better

sanctuary be found than in the Superior Forest region.

Perhaps just a few flashes of wild-life drama, says Mr. Carhart, will illustrate what one may expect there, and show what a really wonderful game country it is:

Matt Soderback and I were audience and sometimes actors in incidents such as these during trips through the forest early in a spring not long since past.

Matt worked diligently when we hit our first camp, and soon there was a spring bed of balsam, over which we spread our blankets. Supper over, we sat by the tiny fire and listened to the sounds of the great stillness. High in the skies the gods of the icebergs flashed their streaming banners. Great swinging fingers of light fanned the sky or dimmed to the faintest glow, as they subsided. Northern lights are really awe-inspiring when viewed from a wilderness camp.

Across the lagoon the tree frogs croaked, a small predatory animal caught and killed a rabbit near by. In the lagoon a beaver splashed. The rustling roar of Upper Deadman Rapids made the air vibrate ever so little.

Contact with Matt's balsam bed brought almost instant sleep, but I awakened in the middle of the night.

Bump—bump-bump—bump—bump-bump!

For many moments I was lost in the haziness of half sleep. There was squeaking, thumping, and scurrying. Then it dawned in my mind that a whole army of rabbits was holding a regimental review in the moonlight, just outside our tent. Some people who have heard these thumpings on such a night declare that they have heard a moose charging around; and the thump of a full-grown rabbit does sound like it might be caused by an animal not smaller than a mature black bear. This thumping had actually awakened me from deep sleep.

Then suddenly a throbbing, drumming sound whirled in my ears. Starting slowly, it increased to a steady throb, like the beat of the pulse as it sounds in the ears when one has been running. Only this pulse was doing about 300 to 500 per minute at the climax of each erratic series of beats.

Palpitation of the heart, I told myself. Nothing to save me. With a pulse like that, no one could expect to pull through. I came awake with a start. I must write my will, get Matt up to hear my last words, or do something!

The sleep haze cleared from my befuddled mind and I realized that somewhere in the thickets back from the Kawishiwi River a cock partridge was serenading.

Two days later they were crossing Lake 2, bucking a light head wind, and wondering where to stop for the night. Matt spoke in a low tone:

"There is a moose on that headland," he said. "Get that camera ready. We'll see if we can sneak up on her. Sometimes when you head right for them, they don't see you until you get there. Maybe she has a calf with her."

Buck fever can come with camera-hunting as readily as tho you carry a high-power. If you wish to prove this, try stalking a moose in the hope of getting a picture with an ordinary camera.

I ceased paddling and Matt manipulated the canoe. For a time the moose cow did

An old-timer sets a quantity pace for pipe-smokers

Here is a remarkable letter from an old-time traveling man in Seattle who says he has smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth during the past twenty-four years.

He tried to keep his identity a secret. But one of our scouts tracked him down, induced him to sign the letter and permit its publication, on condition that his name would not be mentioned.

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I have smoked a pipe for about forty-four years. In 1900 I read a report issued by some Federal Bureau in which it gave a rating of pureness of nearly all the then best known smoking tobaccos. If my memory has not played me a trick Edgeworth stood at the head of the list. I was sufficiently interested to try a can of Edgeworth. Since that time I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth, and when I tell you that I buy a one pound can every week or fifty-two pounds a year, sometimes more, you will surmise that I am some pipe fiend.

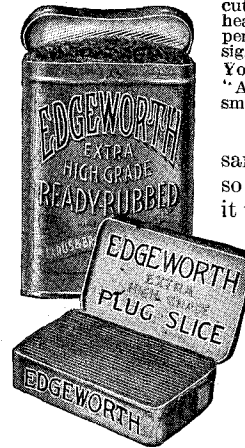
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Another reason for my strong preference is that Edgeworth is sold everywhere, and that feature appeals strongly to a veteran smoker who dislikes to content himself with the "just as good" tobaccos. This letter is not for publication, but just intended as a notification that you have a few inveterate smokers scattered over the country who smoke and recommend Edgeworth because they believe it to be the best tobacco on the market.

I have purposely cut off the business heading of this paper and will just sign myself.
Yours very truly,
"A qualified judge of smoking tobacco."



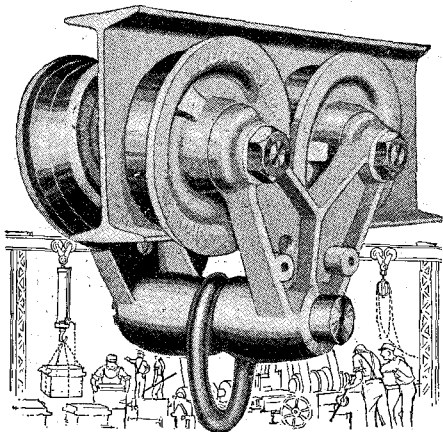
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

not see us. She was standing up, keeping watch. Then, when she sighted us, she got down ever so stealthily.

"Trying to get out of sight. Thinks we don't see her," said Matt.

As we drew nearer, she turned her head from side to side. Then, as the canoe came within a hundred feet of the bank, she got up with a rush. Beside her rose a wabby calf, which could not have been more than two days old.

Two pictures were snapt at a point not forty feet away from the pair; then Matt grounded the canoe. Away went the moose family.

"Grab your camera!" shouted Matt. I already had it in my hand. "Chase 'em!" he yelled.

Now I had heard many tales of wild mothers defending their young when cornered, and it looked like a fine chance for this moose cow to demonstrate that that idea was well founded; but Matt was skipper of the trip, so I obediently crashed on shore.

Out jumped Matt. Down the neck of land we ran. Water was ahead. Matt dashed back to the canoe. It was evident that the cow would plunge into the narrow strip of water between this headland and the next. Over down timber, through brush, following the crashing path of the cow and squeaking calf, I tumbled until the cow had taken to water, with the calf following, and I had landed hip-deep in the water at the point of land.

The calf struck out valiantly. The cow broke the way for her youngster, turning her head nervously to see how the young fellow was making it. Matt came by and we paddled across the water, still on the trail for pictures.

Arrived at the opposite shore, we landed. The calf was still in the water. When we approached, the little fellow ducked his head under water, straightening out his neck as he might if he were trying to hide himself by crawling under low brush or grasses. Matt jumped into the water and kept him from strangling, helping the struggling calf to the little beach that bordered the shore at that point. Up above, on the ridge, the cow milled and grunted.

"Go up and see if you can get a picture of the old lady," said Matt. "I'll hold the calf."

"Don't you suppose she will charge us?" I asked. Matt laughed. "Go on up," he said: "You'll be lucky if you get within picture distance of her."

For twenty minutes I tried to get within shooting distance of the cow. Then with a grunt she left the country, abruptly abandoning the calf to us. For another ten minutes we posed the young member of the moose family, taking pictures, which afterward proved that a rapid lens was needed to get this young fellow in action; for it was necessary to take his picture in action or not at all. We did not succeed. A motion-picture camera might have been successful.

"I'd hate to tackle that fellow a month from now," remarked Matt, when he released his head lock on the calf.

Head winds, which made us ship water when we headed across Lake 3, argued us into camping for the night at a point near where we had abandoned the calf. With supper over, we elected to go joy-riding by the push-and-pull method. The fellow

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in the bow of the canoe pulls the lake toward him and shoves it along back to the fellow in the stern. The latter then shoves that portion of the lake to the rear.

The calf was still there when we got back to the little sand beach. But he did not like us and plainly showed it.

On the way back to camp from this informal call on the moose infant we had another interesting experience. We had stopt our canoe by the side of a narrow rocky island, at a point where a beaver had built his home into the side of the rocky cliff. It was an effective bit of engineering, and we were admiring it, when the stillness of the wilderness was ruptured by a great splashing near a promontory less than a quarter of a mile away. Then we saw the head of a beaver breaking the reflecting surface of the lake. He steered our way.

"Keep still," suggested Matt. "He may be making for this bank-house. We'll see how near he will come to us."

That broad-tailed engineer was just curious. He was fearless. He did not bite a hole in the canoe, as a bear did one night when we left our bark unguarded, but he came almost close enough to puncture its canvas hide if he had elected to do so. He swam in circles not ten feet away, viewing us from every angle. We made no move. Finally, he had seen enough or became suspicious.

Splash, ker plunk!

The big, broad tail threw water into the canoe, for he was not eight feet away from me, where I sat, in the bow. I never again hope to have a live beaver get so friendly as to come up and splash water in my face, but I shall always cherish this experience with this prankish dam-builder.

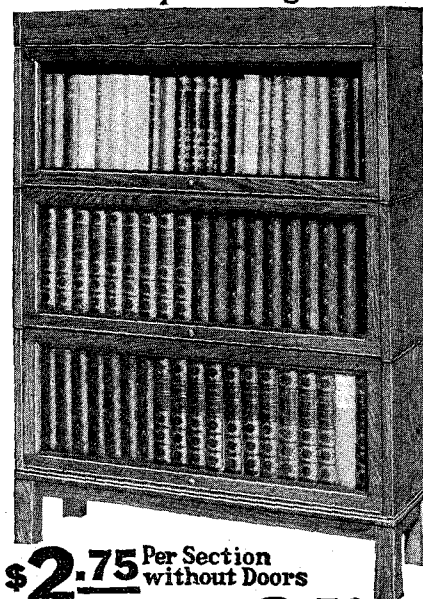
Several days later we came back that way. The moose cow had returned and annexed her calf.

So these incidents might continue through many pages. All of the experiences we had on our trips in this lake country are as full of interest.

There was the duck who took her ducklings over an eight-foot waterfall; there were the loons who whistled crazy jigs at sundown; the leggy gray herons winging high above the lakes; the wedge-headed varmint, which we suspected of being an otter; the deer which fought in the yard of the Isabella Ranger Station to see which would get the salt we had put out for them; the bear that thought a mountain was after him when he saw Matt making a portage with a canoe on his shoulders; the other bear who bit a hole in the canoe because he did not like the color of the paint, or for some other equally good reason; the queer water-bird we saw which quite successfully imitated a snag in the swamp, and the ghastly evidence of the slaughter of whole beaver colonies where predatory man had passed that way. These and many other experiences came to us in the few short weeks we traveled through this great game country.

If you would like to listen to the chatter of the loon, play water tag with a beaver, referee a scrap over salt between deer, or get clubby with a moose calf, plan a trip through the Superior Forest during the mating moon. If the rabbits do not overrun your sleeping-quarters or false palpitation resulting from the love ecstasy of the partridge cause you to fly the country, you will certainly have experiences such as we had, as we glided through the maze of waterways that lace this northland forest. There, in the sanctuary of our wild brothers, you will find refuge from the hurly-burly rush of the busy world.

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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

MONSIEUR'S HATRED OF TAXATION

I HAVE NO WISH to evade my taxes, but I object to the inquisitorial methods," says the Frenchman, and Gaston Jeze writes, "There is nothing but a determination not to pay in the phrase." That determination is dangerous, he thinks, for "the time has come when the liability can no longer be passed on, as it has so often in the past, to a succeeding generation. This generation must bear the burden." Writing in *The Dearborn Independent*, Philip Carr quotes Mr. Jeze as telling how a Government that formerly borrowed from the Frenchman is now compelled to tax him and meets with difficulties in so doing. We have from Mr. Carr a friendly tho frank statement of a problem that underlies all the difficulties that French Finance Ministers encounter in trying to balance budgets, pay old and avoid new borrowings. He says:

The French financial problem is largely a taxation problem, and it is a problem which, if it has been aggravated by the circumstances and results of the war, dates further back. The population of France, on the whole, is not poor. No Frenchman wastes money. Every Frenchman saves part of his income, however modest that income may be, and, as it has been said recently by a highly qualified British observer, France would be the richest country in Europe to-day, if the French had not been tempted, again and again, to lose in dangerous investments abroad, the money which, with such admirable thrift, they have so carefully economized at home. The fact that the French peasant always has savings to invest has partly led to the bad financial policy, which his Governments have followed for many years. They borrow from him rather than tax him.

The moment has now come when the borrowings must cease and the peasant must be made to pay; and the members of the Government have to deal with the uncomfortable fact that instead of educating him for generations to be a taxpayer, their predecessors have constantly flattered his belief not only by borrowing from him instead of taxing him, but by raising the greater part of such taxes as they did impose in an indirect rather than a direct form, and so making him pay almost without knowing it.

As Mr. Carr observes, "it takes many years to educate the taxpayers of a country into submitting to direct taxation and the tax collectors to getting it in." Reading on:

This education, in Great Britain, for instance, has extended over several generations, and if the income tax works satisfactorily and smoothly, it is because Englishmen have been accustomed to it for so many years. In France the income tax was first introduced by M. Caillaux, and it is for that, more than anything else, that he has never been forgiven by the property-owning classes. The law which created it was passed in July, 1914, and the tax was first collected no longer ago than 1916. Since that time the average Frenchman has continued bitterly to resent both the declaration of his income and the steps taken by the authorities to discover what it is. Altho the limit of exemption is no higher than 7,000 francs or \$365 a year, only 927,000 persons paid income tax in 1923 out of the total population of 39,200,000, and it produced no more than 1,300,000,000 francs in all. It will be seen that there is a considerable margin of probably undeclared and untaxed income.

The "center of the whole situation," as we are told, is this:

France remains mainly an agricultural country. The iron-works of the east, the cloth-mills of the north, the silk-ooms of Lyons and the general manufacturers of Rouen and the lower Seine valley get themselves talked about, but in reality they represent a comparatively small part of the wealth of the nation, which resides in the wine of the south and in agriculture everywhere. Outside of Paris, there are only seven towns which would rank as towns of any importance in the United States, all the others are little more than market centers for agricultural districts. The rich man of France is only moderately rich, but there are many of him, and he is a peasant.

From this, several results arise. As the peasant is not only the rich man but the politically powerful man, he tends to throw off the burden of taxation on the inhabitants of such towns as

there are. There is little doubt that the townsman is taxed about as heavily as he can bear. There is equally little doubt and no well-informed and sincere Frenchman will deny it—that the peasant not only pays relatively less than his fair share, but gets off very lightly in an absolute sense. The difficulty is to discover how he is to be made to pay. He is naturally secretive, and even when he does not actually hoard he generally manages to conceal his investments.

To combat this elusiveness the habit has gradually been formed of building up systems of indirect taxation from which the peasant can not entirely escape. It can hardly be pretended that the State manufacture of tobacco and matches is economically sound, and its yield is probably less than if a tax were levied on private manufacture of the same products; but it does get some taxation from the peasant in a form which he has grown accustomed to accept. The same difficulty in taxing the peasant directly is accountable for the survival, in local taxation, of the *octroi* or tax on all the consumable produce entering a town. It is a wasteful tax. It is vexatious and disturbing to trade. Its cost of collection is never less than 10 per cent. and sometimes as much as 18 per cent. of the gross receipts. Yet the *octroi* remains the chief source of the local revenue of most of the towns of France.

By this device the peasants of the surrounding country can be taxed, and, it seems:

There is another reason for the difficulty in suppressing such institutions as the *octroi* and the tobacco and matches manufactures. They have each created a sort of vested interest which it is very difficult to dislodge. In the administration of both there is a large number of modestly paid but not exacting jobs, and there are many persons in France who are on the lookout for jobs of this kind, just as there are deputies and other public men who would not willingly sacrifice the patronage of allotting them. By long tradition the *bureau de tabac*, or retail government shops for the sale of tobacco and postage-stamps, are given to the widows of Army officers, who do not sit at the counter themselves, but farm the appointments at a profit. There are similar perquisites all through both administrations, and it will be seen that there is therefore a considerable force of resistance against their abolition.

Much the same force of resistance is opposed to all attempts to introduce increased efficiency, economy of organization, and especially reduction of personnel, into the government service. There are many Frenchmen of modest ambitions, regular habits and simple tastes, who ask no better than the career of a "fonctionnaire," where the pay is small, but the work is not heavy and the hours are not long, while there is a comfortable little pension at the end.

Not one of these officials is overpaid, reports Mr. Carr:

Indeed, every person who draws a salary in France is underpaid, whether he draws it from a private employer or from the State. It is very little known in the United States how small are the salaries attached to quite important positions in France. These salaries were small enough even when the world value of the franc stood where it did before the war and they are smaller still to-day. It may be worth while to take a few concrete examples. The highest permanent official employed by the city of Paris gets 35,600 francs a year all told, or \$1,860. He got rather less than half that amount in France before the war. Its chief engineer gets 28,600 francs. In the Army a marshal of France gets under 38,000 francs or not quite \$2,000, a lieutenant-colonel is paid 16,200, and a captain of long service, about 12,000. Judicial appointments are no better. The Prefect of Police of Paris has no more than 40,000, while even an ambassador, who is given a high salary because his expenses are heavy, is limited to 58,000.

To understand these things about France, as to understand most other things about her, it must be remembered that altho in logical clarity, in general education and in artistic sensitiveness she has the most cultivated mind in Europe, in practical affairs her mind remains that of the peasant State—a highly organized and administratively centralized peasant State, no doubt, but still a peasant State. That is why her sons will fight and die for the soil, why they are highly individual, why they are secretive, why they live simple lives, why they save money, and why they hate paying it.

WHY A \$26,000,000 MARKETING PROJECT WON'T WORK

DOES the virtual collapse of the Grain Marketing Company, of Chicago, "the largest and most ambitious cooperative project since the days of Pharaoh," mean a renewed political-farm drive within the next few months? Is it a death-blow to the cooperative movement among farmers? Within the last three years, recalls the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, three great farmer cooperative projects have gone on the rocks—the United States Grain Growers, the National Wheat Growers, and the Grain Marketing Company, the last a \$26,000,000 corporation. Since it dealt in wheat, the "staff of life," the dissolution of the corporation concerns "not only farmers, bankers, millers, and bakers, but the country at large," notes the *Chicago Tribune*. Fortunately, this paper adds, "nothing will be lost to a single stockholder."

The Grain Marketing Company, we are reminded by the *Washington Post*, began operations under favorable auspices. Four large and well-established grain companies leased their entire properties to the new company and gave it the option of purchasing the business at the end of a year. "Thus," points out *The Wall Street Journal*, "the corporation stepped into the shoes of these four companies, popularly supposed to be making enormous profits at the expense of the farmers, and were given a year to show what they could do. The year has gone, and the option of purchase will not be exercised." The operators of the four grain companies, explains *The Post*, also advanced \$4,000,000 for working capital, taking an equivalent amount of stock in the cooperative organization, with the understanding that this stock was to be retired when an equal amount of stock had been sold to farmers. The sale of stock to farmers, says a Chicago dispatch to the *New York World*, was a failure.

Two reasons for the failure to sell but 66,000 of the necessary 1,000,000 shares of stock are given by the corporation's officials, according to the *Chicago Tribune*: The most important, generally recognized, is that the company was not given the united support, moral and financial, of farmers. The second is that the venture was too great to be supported by them, and the stock was offered to them when they were too poor to purchase it. In the beginning, points out the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, the company was sponsored by the American Farm Bureau Federation, "but strong agricultural associations ranged themselves on opposite sides, and bankers, some of whom had no direct interest in the matter whatever, alined themselves for or against the project."

Glenn Griswold, writing in this business daily, strongly intimates that the Grain Marketing Company was put out of business because "it stole the thunder of the Lowden cooperative group," and in a *New York Evening Post* editorial we read:

Farmer politics killed the Grain Growers. The National Wheat Growers grew out of a political atmosphere. Farm, State and national political rivalries stood by the cradle of the Grain Marketing Company. The Wheat Growers, headed by ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, had a political bent from its start. Frank O. Lowden is a big farmer and a bigger politician. In 1924 he was the tallest figure in farm politics in the restless West and Northwest, and was looking down a vista that might lead to the White House in 1928.

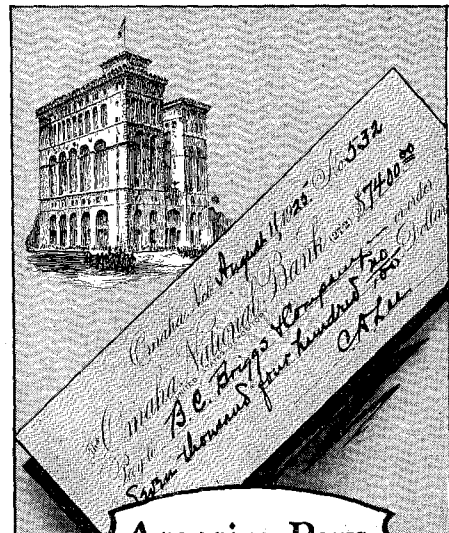
The Lowden market scheme was knocked out by the Grain Marketing Company in 1924. A year ago it captured the imagination of the grain country; but it has gone the way of other big and ambitious projects of the past. Out of the dust of its wreckage will come a revival of McNary-Haugenism. The farm price-fixers will be back in Washington by the time Congress gets there.

Furthermore, predicts Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*, the dissolution of the Grain Marketing Company will have important political effects. In his opinion, former Governor Lowden and his Association of Farm Cooperatives "will now come to the front as the most significant representative of the agricultural interests in Washington. If he succeeds in organizing a grain cooperative where the Farm Bureau Federation failed, he will be the most important figure in Republican politics in 1928, provided President Coolidge is not a candidate to succeed himself."

Meanwhile, editorial writers and financial and farm papers search the ruins of the \$26,000,000 cooperative for reasons for its failure and for lessons to be learned from it. To quote the *New York Sun*: "One of the causes of this failure is suspicion. The average farmer has long regarded the great grain elevator companies as his confirmed enemies. In his mind, they have repeatedly taken advantage of him. When, therefore, they offer to sell their plants to him, the farmer naturally begins to look for the colored gentleman in the woodpile." *The Wall Street Journal*, however, believes the project failed because the marketing and distribution of grain is a business by itself; that production is a separate business, and that the two are competitive.

"The failure is a blow to the cooperative marketing theory," admits the *New York American*, "but it ought not reflect upon the soundness of the theory." The failure of two or three cooperative associations "is merely an incident in the development of cooperation in the marketing of farm crops," thinks the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*, which believes that—

The development is going on in spite of temporary setbacks. It is estimated that this year farm products worth \$2,500,000,000 will be sold cooperatively, whereas in 1915, ten years ago, the amount thus sold was worth only \$630,000,000.



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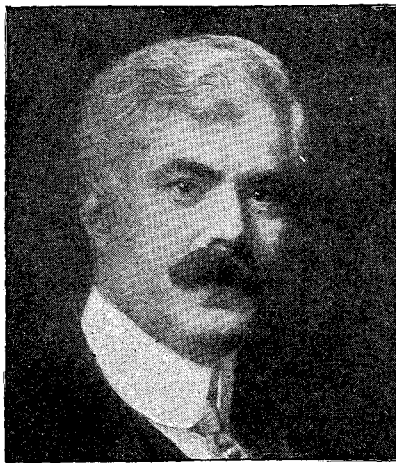
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 22.—The United States fleet reaches Australia, one squadron entering Melbourne and the other Sydney, where they are cordially welcomed and viewed by thousands.

Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffians in Morocco, is reported willing to make peace on the condition that the Riff state be recognized and guaranteed by the League of Nations, and that he be made Emir.

July 23.—Morgan Palmer, an American, is reported killed by bandits at his ranch on the Sungari River, near Harbin, China, and Dr. Harvey J. Howard, attached to the Rockefeller Hospital, is reported captured.

A strike of 130,000 operators in the wool industry in the towns of Yorkshire, England, is begun as a protest against wage-reductions.

The German Reichstag approves the Government's security-pact proposal, 235 to 158.

The French Government, it is announced, will take no official cognizance of Abd-el-Krim's reported peace terms.

July 24.—Abd-el-Krim's regulars are reported in full flight, following French preparations for a powerful offensive north of the Taza and Ouezzan sectors, in Morocco.

A compromise agreement having failed, 35,000 Germans living in Poland in districts which formerly belonged to Germany will be evicted August 1, and 10,000 Poles residing in German Upper Silesia will be expelled in retaliation.

July 25.—Prime Minister Baldwin urges haste in completing the negotiations for the security pact with Germany and for installing Germany as a member of the League of Nations.

From the French front in Morocco come reports of French advances against the Riffians, and of defections of tribes which formerly deserted to the side of Abd-el-Krim.

July 28.—Edgar Addison Bancroft, American Ambassador to Japan, dies at Karuizawa, Japan, in his sixty-eighth year.

DOMESTIC

July 22.—Loren H. Wittner, an employee of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, files a petition asking the District of Columbia Supreme Court to withhold the pay of school-teachers who are teaching science in "disrespect of the Holy Bible."

Anthracite miners refuse to sign the proposal of operators that the miners bind themselves not to strike if an agreement is not reached by the present joint conference now in session at Atlantic City.

July 23.—Three Army air-planes crash on Oahu Island, Hawaiian Islands, killing two aviators and injuring three others.

In an address before the Chautauqua Conference on International Relations from the Christian Point of View, held at Chautauqua, New York, Count Michimasa Soyeshima of Japan proposes a second Washington conference

for limitation of armaments, saying that the whole world is still an armed camp.

July 24.—On capital invested in agriculture in 1924 the return is estimated at 4.6 per cent., compared with 3.3 per cent. the year before. In round figures the net income for the 1924-1925 season, according to the Department of Agriculture, is \$2,712,000,000, compared with \$1,992,000,000 for 1923-1924, and is still too small.

July 25.—New indictments against 155 corporations and individuals in the furniture cases, in which the Government charges violations of the Sherman anti-trust act, are returned in a Federal Court in Chicago.

Five Bethlehem steel concerns file answers in the Federal District Court at Philadelphia denying the Government's allegations in a recovery suit that they received excess profits of about \$11,000,000 for building ships during the war emergency, and three of the companies file counter-claims against the Government for \$9,933,695.

July 26.—William Jennings Bryan, three times Presidential nominee of the Democratic party, dies of apoplexy in Dayton, Tennessee. He was sixty-five years old.

July 27.—Secretary of the Navy Wilbur announces that the Navy Department will transfer the entire lighter-than-air activities of the Navy to San Diego, California, as soon as funds become available.

July 28.—President Coolidge will call a second armament limitation conference as soon as the security pact in Europe is signed and settled, it is announced at the Summer White House.

Funeral services for William Jennings Bryan are held at Dayton, Tennessee.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, protests against reduction of wages in the textile industry in New England, saying that the reduction has the effect of lowering the textile workers' living standards below those of employees in other lines of American industry.

News for Tin Pan Alley.—Some late songs hits are:

"Her Birthday Cake Was Heavy, but the Candles Made It Light."

"My Horse Never Misses the Sunshine, Because He's Used to the Rein."

"Bring the Potato Masher, There's a Fly on Baby's Head."

"We Feed the Youngster Onions, so We Can Find Him in the Dark."—*The Watchword*.

Tailoring Not Perfect.—A man was trying to sell a horse. The animal was broken-winded, but sleek. The owner trotted it around for inspection, and remarked: "Hasn't he a lovely coat?"

The prospective buyer looked at the heaving flanks of the animal, and replied: "Yes, his coat's all right; but I don't like his pants."—*Good Hardware*.

Question of Interpretation.—MAMA—"Where have you been, Johnnie?"

SMALL BOY—"Playing ball."

MAMA (severely)—"But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?"

SMALL BOY—"No, ma'am; you told me to hang the rug on the line and then beat it."—*De Malay Councilor*.



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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.
Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

aerial.—"E. B.," Oakland, Calif.—The correct pronunciation of this word is *e-i-ri-al*—e as in prey, first i as in police, second i as in habit, a as in final.

aline, align.—"M. H. L.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The spelling *aline* is that preferred by the dictionary. *Align* is given as a secondary spelling.

Bangkok.—"C. B.," Louisville, Ky.—The correct pronunciation of this name is *ban'kok*—a as in fat, n as ng in sing, o as in not.

can, may.—"H. N.," Minneapolis, Minn.—In the sentence cited *may* should be used, as *may* denotes permission, while *can* denotes ability—"When the claim is paid, please return same to me so that I may correct the policy."

"R. P. E.," Arcadia, Fla.—(1) *Floridian* is the correct form to use when referring to a native of Florida. (2) The suffix *-an* is defined as, "Pertaining to: used (1) in nouns or adjectives denoting country, origin, race, etc.; as, Italian, pertaining to Italy; (2) in adjectives denoting zoologic classification; as, avian, pertaining to or connected with birds (*Aves*); amphibian, pertaining to the *Amphibia*; (3) appended direct to proper names, to form adjectives denoting connection with a party, sect, school, etc.; as, Lutheran; or simply general relation or connection; as, Washingtonian; and (4) to indicate linguistic stocks; as, Algonkian," while the suffix *-ian* means "belonging or pertaining to: composed of *-an* and a euphonic or thematic *i*."

Deirdre.—"M. J. B.," Waukon, Ia.—In Irish folklore, *Deirdre* was the ward of Conchubhar, king of Ulster, who fled from her seclusion to Scotland with Naeise and the Clan Usna. Returning on promise of forgiveness, the men were treacherously slain by the king and Deirdre died of a broken heart.

double possessive.—"M. T. C.," Wadena, Minn.—Occasionally, the possessive appears in double form, the substantive being preceded by *of* and followed by the apostrophe with *s*. This occurs, however, only in idiomatic phrases, as "He was a friend of my father's," which is equivalent to "He was one of my father's friends," or "He was a friend of (the number of) my father's (friends)." When it may be supposed that the person spoken of possesses more than one object of the kind referred to, this double form of possessive is properly used. "It was a fault of my friend to be loquacious" would signify the one particular weakness of my friend; "It was a fault of my friend's to be loquacious," that is, "of my friend's faults," would signify that this was one of various faults.—VIZETELLY, *Desk-Book of Errors in English*.

evangelism.—"W. N. McP.," Vancouver, Canada.—The word *evangelism* means "the preaching of the gospel; especially, labors to spread the gospel." The word is derived from the Late Latin *evangelismus*, from *evangelium*, from the Greek *euangelion*, from *euangelos*, bringing good news.

The first use of this word that we have on record is by Bacon in the "New Atlantis" in 1626: "Thus was this Land saved from infidelity through the Apostolical and Miraculous *Evangelism* of S. Bartholomew."

"W. S. H.," Dover, Del.—One thing is compared to another which it is believed to resemble, or one thing is compared with another to note agreement or difference. See "Prepositions: How to Use Them."

"J. E. O.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The supreme legislative power of the British Empire is vested in Parliament, and Parliament is summoned by a writ of the sovereign by the advice of the Privy Council. Therefore, that part of the Empire known as Great Britain is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people who have elected a constitutional monarch, whom they can depose whenever they so determine, exactly as they deposed James II.

The King of England's title rests on Statutes 12 and 13 of William III., chapter 3. By this the succession to the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland was settled on the Princess Sophia of Hanover. This statute was passed by Parliament and under it the sovereign of Great Britain is a constitutional monarch. There is no truth in the statement that the heir to the British Crown is required by treaty to be a Welshman by birth; none that he must acquire the Welsh language and be able to speak and write it.

psychiatric.—"F. X. A.," Kings Park, L. I.—*Psychiatric* is the adjectival form of *psychiatry*, which means "the branch of medicine that relates to mental diseases." The word *psychiatry* is derived from the Greek *psyche*, soul, plus *iatria*, healing, through *iaomat*, heal.

seven.—"A. J.," Gadshill, Canada.—(1) The seven deadly sins are pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. (2) In ancient philosophy the cardinal virtues were justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude, or "natural virtues." By adding the "theological virtues" of faith, hope, and charity we have the seven cardinal virtues of which some modern writers speak. (3) The seven wonders of America are—(1) Niagara Falls; (2) Yellowstone National Park, especially the geysers there; (3) the Painted Desert in Arizona; (4) the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; (5) the Redwood Trees in California; (6) the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky; and (7) the Woolworth Building in New York.

spoof.—"L. L. R.," Mayland, Tenn.—This term is a slang word used in England and means, as a verb, "to swindle, deceive, or humbug," and as a noun, "a deception; fraud; humbug."

"C. M. C.," Los Angeles, Calif.—(1) Concerning the pronunciation of the *h* in the words *while*, *when*, *whet*, *where*, etc., there are exceptions to every rule. The statement made by the Lexicographer, however, is based on a practise noted by him, and by Walker more than a century ago, as well as by Sir James A. H. Murray in the "New English Dictionary Based on Historic Principles," issued by the Oxford University Press. In Old English the pronunciation was symbolized by *hw*. This pronunciation was developed in two different directions: (1) it was reduced to a simple voiced consonant, *w*, and (2) by the influence of the accompanying breath, the simple voiced consonant became unvoiced. The first pronunciation was the result of the influence of French speakers and was noted in Southern Middle English, whence it spread northward. But the influence of the Scots and the Irish, who retain the *hw* form to this day, was paramount in the five northernmost counties of England, so that in Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, and Northern Yorkshire the *hw* prevailed, while in the Midland Counties, London, and the Southern Counties the *h* is not sounded. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the voiceless *h* was ousted and Walker noted, in 1791, that the *h* was unvoiced. There is not the least doubt that the restoration of this sound, which took place in the nineteenth century, was due principally to Scottish and Irish influence which has been preserved in the United States. (2) With reference to the words *inventory*, *laboratory*, *oratory*, *lavatory*, *congratulatory*, *category*, *literary*, and *temporary*, the first word is correctly pronounced with the main stress upon the first syllable and with the secondary stress upon the penultimate. In the earlier dictionaries, however, of Johnson, Fenning, Kenrick, and Barclay the word was pronounced *in-vent'o-ry*. In regard to the word *laboratory*, the primary stress is also placed on the first syllable and a secondary stress upon the penultimate. The tendency to teach the pronunciations to which you refer is probably based upon analogy with these words in so far as *congratulatory* and *category* are concerned. In so far as *literary* and *temporary* are concerned, our dictionaries indicate only one stress, that on the first syllable. (3) With regard to the words *gotten* and *proven*, the first is by no means obsolete. It is in current use to-day and is accepted as good English in the Midland Counties and is to be found widely in English literature. *Proven*, however, is Scottish and while it is widely used in the United States to-day, is not frequently heard outside of Scots Law in Great Britain.

the seven seas.—"A. J. R. S.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The seven seas include the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the North Pacific, the South Pacific, the Indian Ocean, the Arctic Ocean, and the Antarctic Ocean.

vaudeville.—"M. S. G.," Marion, O.—The word *vaudeville* meant, originally, "a sprightly song." It was so named from the poems of Olivier Basselin, who was born in the Val de Vire in Normandy, "valley of the Vire River." The word is pronounced *vod'vil*—o as in go, i as in hit.

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They'll Have a Rest.—A scientist has perfected a machine that cures insomnia. This should put thousands of sheep out of work.—*Life*.

Polly's One Weakness.—LADY—"Does that parrot swear?"

SAILOR—"A little, but he never drinks or gambles."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Released from the Strain.—"Who is the very slangy chap you were just talking to?" "He's a teacher of English enjoying a day off."—*Boston Transcript*.

Or Try a Kitten.—"I'm sorry, but this apartment won't do, either. Not a room in the place big enough to swing a cat in."

FED-UP AGENT—"Ah, then, why not find another hobby?"—*Life*.

Verbal Distinctions, Anyway.—THE SUMMER BOARDERS' CONSTANT CRY—"Have you much variety at your boarding-house?" Yes, we have three different names for the meals.—*This Week in Buffalo*.

A Trifling Oversight.—"Why so glum?"

"The doctor has just prescribed rest and change for me."

"Well?"

"He advised me where to get the rest, but he didn't tell me where to get the change."—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

Bobby Knew the Answer.

—Our Bobby was in a store with his mother when he was given candy by one of the clerks.

"What must you say, Bobbie?"

"Charge it," he replied.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

A Time to Dissemble.—WOMAN IN AUTO—"Good heavens, son; we've just run over a poor man! Stop! Stop!"

DRIVER—"Keep still, mother; you'll make every one think this is the first time we were ever out in an auto."—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Evil Communications.—"And never let me see you back here again," said the judge sternly.

The prisoner looked about, at the jury, at the judge, at the lawyers, at the court clerks, and replied: "I won't come back, sir; I'll keep out o' bad company."—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

Couldn't Be Softer.—"Jimmy," said a mother to her quick-tempered small boy, "you must not grow angry and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer."

When his little brother provoked him an hour afterward, Jimmy clenched his little fist and said, "Mush."—*The New Guide*.

Thoughtful Precaution.—A woman went to the bank and asked for a new check book. "I've lost the one you gave me yesterday," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the checks as soon as I got it—so, of course, it won't be any use to any one else."—*The Efficiency Magazine*.

Neighbors, Please Leave Cards.—Mr. Berry has added another cow to the Pine Lodge Dairy.—"Society" Column in the *Roswell (N. M.) Daily Record*.

A Cruel Remedy.—MEANDERING MONTAGUE—"Lady, would you lend me a cake of soap? My pal's got the hiccups an' I want to scare 'im!"—*London Opinion*.

Not Up-to-Date.—"Did the speaker electrify his audience?"

"No, he merely gassed it."—*Williamette Collegian*.

Origin of the "Skirl."—The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand, the inventor of the bag-pipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.—*Punch*.

The Height of Minuteness.—The question on the board was, "What is a molecule?"

Willie's answer was: "A molecule is something so small that it can not be seen through a microbe."—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

No Virtuoso in Town.—The church committee favored the purchase of a chandelier. The new member opposed it. He said, "Well, I don't want to be stubborn, but who can play it after we get it?"—*Boys' Life*.

Bring the Hammer!—FIRST VISITOR—"My dear, these cakes are as hard as stone."

SECOND VISITOR—"I know. Didn't you hear her say,

"Take your pick," when she handed them around?"—*Denver Clarion*.

Piscatorial Problem.—"Father, do the big fishes eat sardines?"

"Yes, my son!"

"How do they get them out of the tins?"—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Not as Tall as He Was Short.—"Can you give a good description of your absconding cashier?" suavely asked the detective.

"We-ell," answered the hotel proprietor, "I believe he's about five feet five inches tall and about \$7,000 short."—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Retort Prodigious.—At a dinner party in London, a newly rich woman, vain and ostentatious, sat beside the wife of a prominent labor leader, and boasted of her jewelry. "I clean my diamonds with ammonia," she said, "my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Dantzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk. And what do you use?" she asked, turning to the labor leader's wife.

"Oh, I don't clean mine," was the airy retort. "When they get dirty, I simply throw them away."—*The Argonaut*.



"Oh, George! The collector is here for the Water Company, and he says if you don't pay for last year's bill the water will be cut off at once!"—*Judge*.

Urban Nature Note.—The city kid was roaming about in the country when he came upon a dozen or so empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited, he yelled to his companions: "Hey, fellers, come here quick! I've found a cow's nest!"—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

Give the Ladies Their Due.—"My, what a pretty thermos bottle. Where did you get it?"

"Cigaret coupons."

"Gee—you must have pretty near smoked yourself to death."

"Not a bit of it—it represents the combined efforts of my wife, the girls and my mother-in-law."—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

The Expanding Drug Store.—"What kind of store is that fellow over at Toad Rock running?" asked a motorist.

"Well, he has Ford parts for sale," replied the attendant in the filling station at Ten Degrees, "buys butter, eggs, and poultry, deals in real estate, paints houses, marries folks in his capacity as justice of the peace, runs the post-office, sells stamps, hams, molasses, etc., and takes boarders upstairs. I reckon you'd call it a drug store."—*Kansas City Star*.

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